THE NANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No 2 Historical Society J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1927.

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

FRED RUSSELL

'Phone 406. East Street.

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

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Ontario Land Surveyor. Municipal Engineering. Drainage Engineering. Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

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John Street, South of Paisley House.

'Phone 385. Box 139.

15tf

DOXSEE & CO.

Millinery

Hats take new lines and indicate the return of trimmings. Shapes are still head-fitting, but the dorned crown sometimes adjusts a Russian coronet, turns back a slashed brim, droops a tiny brush at the side, or wears a velvet applique.

Combinations of Velvet and Metal, Satin and Metal, including all metal at greatly reduced prices, **$1.50 and $2.90.**

Specials in Ladies' Silk Underwear and Hosiery.

Rayon Silk Vests, **$1.25, $1.50 each.**

Rayon Silk Bloomers **$1.00, $2.25, $2.75 each.**

Rayon Silk Gowns **$3.00 and $3.25.**

B I Tex Hosiery, full fashioned, all shades and sizes, **$2 pair.**

Silk Hosiery, in full range of colors and sizes, **$1.00 and $1.50 per pair.**

The Leading Millinery House

Bargains

$25 Suits and Overcoats at $19.75

Boys' Bloomer Suits

HALF PRICE

$2.50 English Broadcloth Shirts going for **$1.95**

Liberal Discounts on all lines of merchandise FOR CASH.

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of John Albert Davis, late of the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 23rd day of December, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,

Solicitors for said Estate.

52-d

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO. 129 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont.

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

LOST—A Musk-ox robe. Finder please return to G. W. GIBBARD and receive reward.

LOST—A black and tan Fox Hound. Last seen near Morven. Finder please notify J. Murphy, Napanee, Ont. 2-ap

HOUSE FOR SALE—On West street, all modern conveniences, good barn, well and garden. Apply to J. H. KELLAR on premises. 1-bp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Upright Heintzman Piano, Mahogany case, in first class condition. Apply to Mrs. F. P. Douglas, 130 Union street Kingston or Mrs. W. J. Doller, Napanee. 51-b

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Miss Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to D. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE—Seven roomed house, all conveniences, square place, hardwood floors downstairs, good basement and furnace, good barn, large lot, well treed, good locality. comfortable home and a good buy. Apply WM. DAVIS, Graham street. 42-tf

"Growing Pains" Peril.

Recent inquiries reveal the fact that growing pains, usually regarded as a natural trouble of childhood, are warnings of rheumatic infection.

There are 2,000 children in London undergoing in-patient treatment, and in most cases there is a history of joint pains or "growing pains" some time before the appearance of definite manifestations of attack by rheumatism.

Unless the pains are of great severity a complaint on the child's part is often disregarded by the mother. They are put down to natural growing pains, the effects of chill, or sheer imagination, and not until the disease becomes severe is the child brought for treatment, by which time incalculable harm may have been done.

Pember's

At Campbell House, Napanee

on

Monday, Dec'r. 12th

Hair Goods

For men and women including the Dorenwend Patent Structures.

Call and see our representative, Mr. Wurm. He will have a fine assortment of hair goods to show you. Our prices are reasonable.

The W. T. Pember Stores Limited

Toronto, Ont.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

A Safe Repository for Bonds or Other Valuable Papers

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

A SAFETY Deposit Box in your nearest branch of the Standard Bank is the logical place to keep your valuables for security and convenience. We shall be pleased to furnish you with space necessary for your requirements at minimum rates.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*

Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

MRS. HARRIETTE TOMPKINS.

The subject of this sketch came to her grave "in a full age like a shock of corn in his season," being ninety-seven years and two months of age. Until a very short time before her death she maintained a good degree of both bodily and mental vigor. Even after she had become too poorly to continue about the house, and was confined to her bed, her mind continued clear. It was her delight to tell to all who visited her of the goodness of God to her and testify to her full trust in her Saviour, to whom she had given her heart eighty years before. Mrs. Tompkins' maiden name was Pearson. She was born in England in 1830, and was one of a large family, of whom only one brother, George Pearson, of Deseronto, survives, he being ten years younger. Mrs. Tompkins lived in the reigns of four sovereigns, viz., King William IV., Victoria, Edward VII. and George V. She came to Canada when four years old with her parents who settled first in Napanee, on Piety Hill. Her husband, the late Joseph Tompkins, came from St. Johns, N.B. After their marriage they settled in Camden, where she lived until her death. Her husband pre-deceased her forty-two years ago. Since then she has made her home with her son, Frank, near Newburgh. A few weeks ago Mrs. Tompkins began to fail, and through weakness continued to remain in bed, until quietly on Sunday morning, the 20th inst., she was called for God took her. Since the death of Mrs. Frank Tompkins, she was a mother to Miss Bessie and Ivy Earl. During her last illness affectionate return in attentions was made to her by Mrs. Ruttan, her daughter, and Bessie, her granddaughter.

The funeral service was held at her late residence, and conducted by Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, her Pastor, from Job 5:26, the passage "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn in his season." Mr. Anderson showed that for the faithful children, death crowns life. It is life's perfect rounding out and its earthly completion. There was a very large gathering of friends to do honor to her. Mrs. Tompkins has been held in very high regard and affection by all who knew her. She leaves to mourn her passing her son Frank, and his children, Bessie and Earl at home; three other children, Charles, of Watertown, N.Y.; John L., of Bath, and Mrs. Ruttan, of Wilton. In addition to these four children she leaves seventeen grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren. Interment was in Newburgh cemetery.

Stoves.

See our splendid line of Quebec cooking stoves and circulating heaters.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ENTERPRISE.

The regular meeting of the Enterprise Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. H. W. Wagar. Although the attendance was not quite as large as usual, the meeting was a very interesting one and a great deal of business was attended to. Our president gave a very interesting account of the Institute Convention at Kingston, which all appreciated very much, it was her duty which a vote of thanks was given. The amount of money received for the sale of poppies for Armistice Day was very satisfactory.

A letter from the Secretary of the Board of Management of the New Community Hall was received by the Institute, thanking the ladies for the beautiful new clock presented to the Hall.

An account was read by Mrs. Oliver, of Mrs. Aitken's trip to England, where she had been sent to represent the Canadian Women's Institute. Arrangements were made for a dance to be held in the Community Hall on Friday, December 9th, the proceeds to be used in repairing the street lights. The meeting closed in the usual manner.

PUPIL NURSES WANTED

BUFFALO CITY HOSPITAL

462 Grider St., Buffalo, N.Y.

863 beds for the reception of every known disease.

SIX DISPENSARIES IN CONNECTION

Affiliated with the University of Buffalo Medical and Dental Schools and District Nursing Association.

3 year registered course, fitting patients for Bedside, Public Health and Administrative Nursing.

670 hours devoted to classes, recitations ,demonstrations and laboratory work in Dietetics, Home Economics, Bacteriology, Chemistry, Physiology and General Nursing subjects.

Opportunities for selected graduates to fill good executive positions or pursue special study courses.

THE EXPERIENCE WE OFFER EQUALS A THREE YEAR COLLEGE COURSE.

Entrance requirements: 1 year New York State High School or its equivalent.

Salary, $15.00 a month, Food, lodging, uniforms, laundry and books furnished free.

Straight eight hour duty. No split watches. One whole day off every seven days.

A well-conducted nursing course is a fine preparation for wifehood and a splendid opportunity to cultivate the habit of right living.

JANUARY CLASS NOW FORMING.

BASKETBALL

Last winter the men's game of basketball was introduced to the town of Napanee by the Collegiate Institute team entered in the Bay of Quinte Interscholastic League. The game became popular immediately, because if its speed and continued action. The ten players are continually in motion, as compared with hockey, where usually two or three men at most are in movement at the same time.

An attempt was made last year to form a team to play in the Ontario Amateur Basketball Association but a schedule could not be arranged, so a few exhibition games were played with Belleville Y. M. C. A. Napanee was defeated in these games by a small margin in each case and the defeat was made less bitter by the fact that Belleville later continued as far as the semi-finals for the Ontario Championship. With this encouragement, a stronger effort was made this year, and a team and Napanee now has an entry in the Intermediate Section of the Eastern Ontario Basketball Association in competition with Kingston Y.M. C.A., Queen's II, R. M. C., and Belleville Y.M.C.A.

The team is attempting to finance itself without appealing directly to the citizens for financial assistance. They are buying their own uniforms personally, but there will be quite heavy travelling expenses, so it is hoped that the sporting fraternity of Napanee will attend the home and exhibition games in large numbers. The home games will be played in the Collegiate Gymnasium the nights mentioned in the schedule below, the games usually commencing at 8.15 p.m.

An exhibition game has been arranged for this Friday evening, December 9th, at 8.15 p.m., with Belleville Y.M.C.A., and it is hoped that the citizens will show their appreciation of the team, by attending.

The first league game will be played on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, when Kingston Y. M. C. A. visit Napanee. The schedule is as the league games appears below. Cut it out and plan to attend ALL the home games, as well as some away from home. A little encouragement on a strange gymnasium floor means a good deal to a team at times.

Intermediate Schedule E.O.A.B.A.

Belleville-Kingston Section 1.
Intermediate Schedule E.O.A. B.A.—Belleville-Kingston Secton.
Dec. 7—Belleville "Y" at R.M.C.
Dec. 14—KINGSTON "Y" at NAPANEE.
Dec. 17—Belleville "Y" at R.M.C.
Jan. 11—BELLEVILLE "Y" at NAPANEE.
Jan. 14—R. M. C. at Queen's.
Jan. 18—R. M. C. at Kingston "Y"
Jan. 21—Napanee at Queen's.
Jan. 25—Kingston "Y" at Belleville "Y".
Feb. 1—Napanee at R. M. C.
Feb. 4—Queen's at Kingston "Y".
Feb. 8—R. M. C. at Belleville "Y".
Feb. 8—Napanee at Kingston "Y".
Feb. 11—Belleville "Y" at Queen's.
Feb. 15—R. M. C. at NAPANEE.
Feb. 18—Queen's at R. M. C.
Feb. 22—Belleville "Y" at Kingston "Y".
Feb. 22—QUEEN'S at NAPANEE.
Feb. 25—Kingston "Y" at R. M. C.
By arrangement—Kingston "Y" at Queen's.
Feb. 29—Napanee at Belleville "Y".

DESERONTO.

A very pretty and interesting wedding was solemnized in the Presbyterian manse last Saturday at 11 a.m., by Rev.' Mr Irwin, when Miss Ruby Barber was united in marriage with Mr. Percy Bowen. Miss Barber is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barber, who for a number of years have resided on Dundas street.

District Magistrate C. S. McGaughey, has been notified that he has been appointed a judge of the Juvenile Court, for the provisional district of Nipissing, replacing Judge Vain, who has resigned. Mr. McGaughey will still retain his duties as district magistrate. Mr. McGaughey is a Deseronto boy, who was born here and educated in the public and High School, being the youngest son of the late A. H. McGaughey.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Metcalfe attended the Shriner's aBll in Toronto last week.

Mr. Herbert Histed, of Point Anne, spent the week-end at his home here.

Mrs. Lockwood, of Point Anne, is the guest of Mrs. Good.

Mrs. Radcliffe spent Monday in Kingston.

Mr. Pearson, Manchester, is conducting services at the Gospel Hall this week.

Mrs. J. J. Dunn and daughter, Mary, are visiting friends in Toronto.

Smallest Writing.

What is probably the smallest writing ever done is that of a member of the staff of the Ordnance Survey office at Southampton, England, who has written the Lord's Prayer eleven times on a space the size of a threepenny-piece. He used a litho brush and a reading glass.

Five Causes of Crime.

There are five principal causes of crime, according to a Croydon, Eng., magistrate. They are passion, habit, opportunity, insanity, and inherited instinct.

NAPANEE POULTRY FAIR

Napanee's reputation as the largest poultry centre in Canada, was again demonstrated on Wednesday and Thursday of last week when the annual poultry sale was staged.

Never before were there so many cars and rigs with poultry for sale in Napanee and the streets in the centre of the town were all turned into a poultry market for the day. From early morning until late in the afternoon on every road leading into Napanee, was a string of conveyances, all with the same object in view, to dispose of their poultry in Napanee.

The weather on Wednesday was about as disagreeable as it could well be, but the poultry was here to be sold, and though the buyers did their level best, over eighty rigs remained unloaded on Wednesday night and had to remain until Thursday.

Thursday's offerings were not quite as plentiful as on Wednesday, but there was sufficient to keep buyers and packers busy, and to make the 1927 Napanee Poultry Fair the largest ever.

The Government had their movie men here to take pictures of the fair, but the weather may have somewhat spoiled their efforts.

Poultry was brought here from the far north of the county, as well as from Hastings and Frontenac, as far east as Battersea, from Prince Edward and Dundas counties.

Seven firms had buyers here: Swift Canadian Co., Wm. Weir & Co., E. Puglois & Co. Harris Abbatoir Co., Henry Gatehouse, Gunn Langlois & Co. and Wm. Davies Co.

The prices paid were a little lower tha nast year, the average being:—

Fowl—16 to 20 cents.
Ducks—15 to 18 cents.
Geese—15 to 18 cents.
Turkeys—34 to 37 cents.
Chickens—23 to 29 cents.

The choice fowl were eagerly bought by all the buyers and the proportion of choice chicken was quite large, a good many large loads bringing the top price.

Very close to $100,000 was paid out by the banks and citizens for poultry and the weight of poultry marketed would be about 200 tons, the tons of it being handled by the C. N. Railway.

TAMWORTH:

On Tuesday evening, November 29th, the Tamworth Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. V. R. McCallum. There was an attendance of thirty-two, which included two new members.

The meeting opened with the usual ode. The minutes were read and adopted. Roll call was answered by handing in the earliest picture each member had of herself. The business part of the meeting followed.

Owing to the intended departure of the secretary-treasurer, Miss B. Preston, a new secretary-treasurer, Mrs. W. W. Shier, was elected. The ladies voted a sum of money to two charitable institutions as Christmas donations.

A contest followed in which each member had to guess to whom the pictures, used in roll call, belonged. This provided a very interesting and amusing entertainment. Miss O. Blair gave a comic reading entitled "Fifty is the Ideal Age."

The president, Mrs. McCallum, then read the following address, and Mrs. A. Carscallen presented a beautiful bedroom lamp and a pair of candle sticks to Miss B. Poston:

Dear Miss Poston:—

We, the members of Tamworth Women's Institute have learned of your intended departure from this community such as can only be an occasion of regret to us. To give expression to that regret is the object of our meeting with you tonight and also to accord to you some recognition of the services you have rendered to society. While the real joy of work is in the doing and the chief reward of working is in the well doing, yet it affords us a small measure of satisfaction to know that one's work is appreciated.

Our hope is that in the new sphere which now lays before you may find similar work to do and have pleasure in doing it and also that you may find many warm friends and congenial relationships.

To strengthen our words and as a token of our esteem we ask you to accept from us this lamp and set of candle sticks. As night by night you benefit by their brightness they may perchance call to your mind the good will of the members of the W. I. which now goes with you.

Signed on behalf of W. I.,

MRS. McCALLUM.

Miss Poston made a very suitable reply and the meeting closed with the usual ode.

Kimmerly's

Xmas Specials

2 lbs. Seedless Raisins..... 25c.
3 lbs. Pulverized Sugar..... 25c.
3 packages Corn Starch..... 25c.
1 lb. Gunn's Easifirst..... 15c.
2 large tins Molasses..... 25c.
All Corn Flakes..... 10c.
7 lbs. choice Mix Candies...$1.00

New Dates, Currants, Peels and Mince Meat just in.

100 lbs. St. Lawrence Sugar for $6.65.

20 bars P. & G. Soap, $1.00.

Flour, Salt, Bran, Shorts and Feeds at lowest market prices.

TOWN COUNCIL

ACTION TAKEN IN REFERENCE TO CLOSING OF SOUTH DOOR ON POST OFFICE.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening, Mayor E. J. Roy presiding.

Present—Reeve Boyes and Councillors Simpson, Dunbar, Kimmerly, Jewell and Howish.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Mr. Laughland, Agricultural representative, made application for the use of the town hall for the purpose of holding their annual course in agriculture, which will be held from January 31st, until February 24th. During the same period a girls' course in domestic science will be held in the office of Agricultural Department.

On motion of Councillors Howitt and Jewel, the request of Mr. Laughland was granted and permission given to use the Council Chamber.

Mrs. Dumbrille made application for a refund of rental fee paid for use of town hall when a church bazaar was held there recently.

On motion the request was granted, less caretaker's fee.

The following report was presened by M. P. Graham:

Napanee, Ont., Dec. 5, 1927.

To the Mayor and Council.
Town of Napanee.
Gentlemen:—

I beg to be instructed to attend the meeting of the Central Ontario Power Association held in Toronto on Thursday, Dec. 1st, as your representative, and beg leave to report as follows:

The Central Ontario Municipalities were well represented, about sixty members gathering at the Parliament Buildings to wait on the Prime Minister for a discussion of the Power situation throughout this part of Ontario.

Several speakers presented to the Premier a thorough outline of the difficulties which confront Municipalities and Manufacturers in Central Ontario. The main points under discussion were the advance in Hydro rates which came into effect the first of this year and the question of writing off some of the Capital account so that rates for Power might be lowered to correspond with Hydro Rates in Western Ontario. It was pointed out that when the Government took over the system from the Seymour Power Co., they also acquired in the system, Street Railroads, Gas Plants and numerous other properties, which were losing propositions, many of which had to be discontinued and some of which are still being operated at a loss. As these plants are relatively small in the distribution of Electrical Power the speakers requested the Government to write off these properties and thus relieve the loss from the general funds of the Province. The amount involved is estimated at about $2,500,000. If this were done then the Hydro Commission would be in a position to reduce power rates so that Central Ontario would be in a position to meet the Power Rates which now exist in Western Ontario. It was strongly stressed that the industrial growth of this part of Ontario was practically at a standstill and, that Western Ontario was going ahead in leaps and bounds for the reasons stated above. Many arguments were advanced in support of this proposition.

In replying the Premier thanked the delegation for coming to Toronto and placing this question so fairly before him. In the first place he asked those present to bear in mind that when the Province took over the Seymour holdings, that they had no option but to take over all the properties included in those holdings. As long as the Hydro-Commission began to operate this system they immediately brought into effect new rates which represented a very extensive saving to all the Municipalities involved. He also told the meeting that the Government were very much interested in the Industrial development of Central and Eastern Ontario and that he would take the matter up with the Hydro-Commission and the members of the Cabinet and endeavour to formulate some plan that would meet the request of the delegation. He also informed the meeting that arrangements were now nearing completion which would provide an additional 60,000 horse power for the use of the Eastern part of the Province this would mean that the Hydro Commission would have an excess of Power for distribution and to make proper use of this excess power it would be necessary to stimulate the Industrial situation throughout the east.

In conclusion, the Premier complimented the Association on the work they are doing and expressed the opinion that all the Municipalities in the Eastern part of the Province should be members of this Association.

MARK P. GRAHAM.

A communication was read from the Ontario Motor League in reference to the town using some advertising space in their official booklet, thousands of copies of which are distributed to American and Canadia ntourists.

Referred to the Board of Commerce.

Coun. Simpson presented the Treasurer's monthly statement, giving a detailed account of the town's financial standing up to the first of December.

Report adopted.

Coun. Jewell, chairman of Town Property committee, reported that the light standards, for use in lighting the Market Square, had been erected and wired and were ready for the globes when they arrived. Also that a blue print was being prepared of plans for remodelling the town hall an as soon as ready an estimate of the cost of same would be prepared.

Rport adopted.

Coun. Kimmerly reported that the sidewalk on the east side of Mate's Corner were asking that an electric light be placed in that vicinity.

Referred to the Light Committee with power to act.

Moved by Coun. Dunbar, seconded by Coun. Simpson, that the Clerk be instructed to write the Public Works Department at Ottawa, calling attention to the great inconvenience caused by the closing of the south door leading into the Post Office.

Carried.

Coun. Jewell brought to the attention of the council a very disagreeable state of affairs on Centre street, in front of the Campbell House sample rooms, caused by the lack of eavetrough-ing. Not only on rainy days are the conditions bad, but in winter weather the water running from the roof to the walk and freezing caused a very dangerous condition.

On motion of Coun. Simpson and Dunbar the Clerk was instructed to write the two owners of the Campbell House requesting that proper eavetroughing be placed on the building complained of, thus preventing the water from running on the street.

ACCOUNTS

The following accounts were ordered paid:

R. W. Wales	8.55
Napanee Iron Works	32.75
Boyle & Son	1.15
Boyle & Son	1.25
Boyle & Assistine	22.50
J. Laughland	14.21
C. I. Maybee	27.45
J. J. Dunn & Son	17.80
Templeton & Son	47.00
Huffman's Grocery	5.35
W. R. Douglas	1.20
W. R. Douglas	2.63
Napanee Fuel Co	16.25
J. W. Metzler	26.00
Fred H. Carter	85.00
W. S. Wilson	32.00
Davy & Alison	8.57
Carscallen & Trumpour	69.50
Boyle &	14.67

Several accounts from the Bell Telephone Co. were referred to the Clerk with power to act.

Reeve Boyes presented to the council a communication from The Gibbard Furniture Shops complaining of the dangers which existed near their place of business, particularly when their employees were leaving work.

The matter was referred to Mayor Roy to discuss the situation with the management of The Gibbard Furniture Shops.

Builders' Supplies.

Let us supply you with cement, plaster wall board, roofing, paints, oils, glass and builders' hardware.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

RESULT OF C. N. S. STITCH GUESSING CONTEST

Dec. 5th, 1927.

We hereby certify that we have broken the seal today of the envelope containing the factory's statement of the number of stitches in the Sweater in the C. D. S. L. Sweater Stitch Contest and find the number of stitches in the Sweater to be

23,466

The nearest guesses to that number we find to be the following:

1st Prize—Mrs. Margaret Elliott, Napanee, No. 2..... 23,471

2nd Prize (Divided)—Mrs. W. H. Rogers, Napanee..... 23,500
Wilfrid McCracken, Roblin ..23,500
Kathleen Dickson, Napanee..... 23,460

3rd Prize—F. B. Elliott, Napanee 23,460
—Mrs. J. H. Benn, Wing-Standard, Kingston 23,456

5th Prize—Mrs. W. C. Lloyst, Bath, R. R. 2..... 23,557

P. GLEESON
President Chamber of Commerce.

EMPINE WOODS,
Chairman Board of Education.

The nearest guesses to that number we find to be the following:

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P. GLEESON
President Chamber of Commerce.

EMPINE WOODS,
Chairman Board of Education.

COMING :-: EVENTS

SWASTIKA CLUB Special Dance, Masonic Hall, Friday, Dec. 30th. Remember the date.

EXHIBITION BASKETBALL game, Napanee vs. Belleville Y. M. C. A., in the Collegiate gymnasium, Friday evening, December 9th, at 8.15 p.m.

PIE SOCIAL—The Ladies' Aid of Grace United Church are holding a Pie Social on Thursday evening, December 15th, at 8 p.m. This is your invitation to attend. Tickets 25c. 2-a

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

FOURTH ANNUAL BANQUET OF the Men's Club of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Napanee, on Friday, December 9th, 1927, at 7 p.m., in the school room of the Church. Rev. W. M. Loucks, M.A., of Toronto, will be the Speaker, and a large attendance of the members is looked for. A representative will call on you shortly with tickets. 2-ap

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,

(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

ISAIAH COUNSELS RULERS.

Sunday, Dec. 11.—Isaiah 7 :31, 36, 37.

Golden Text—Thou will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee : because he trusteth in Thee. (Isa. 26 : 3).

If ever there was a day when the rulers of the earth needed God, it is today. There never has been a time, of course, when the heads of Governments could get along without God, though straight down through the centuries the most of them have tried to do so. All who have tried it have come to disaster. The lesson instances of those who have been true to God have proved that it is the only practical way to govern successfully. But today there is perhaps a more widespread indifference to God on the part of nations, a more general ignoring or rejection of God by rulers in the world at large than ever before. The world-wide sweep of Bolshevism has fostered this. Atheism and agnosticism are more popular than in the memory of the present generation, perhaps than for centuries. And there are outbreaks, being sins, frankly paraded and approved, that tend to exalt man and dishonor God. The times with truly God-fearing rulers are few and far between ; Britain and her Dominions, the United States are among these few. Such a lesson as this on an inspired prophet's counsel to rulers is supremely vital and timely. Into a confederacy with a heathen nation, Syria. Worse still, they did it in order to attack their own kin, the people of Judah, or the two southern tribes. God said two southern tribes. God said this apostate alliance should fail. It is a lesson to bear in mind by Christian rulers today, when world-tangling alliances are offered on every side.

To Judah and her King, Ahaz, God said that the time was coming when He would give His people a sign. "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call His name Emmanuel." This shall call His name Emmanuel." This was from seven centuries before the birth of Christ His miraculous incarnation was foretold.

But what had this to do with Judah's rulers ? Everything; for Christ is the rightful King of this earth, and His right to rule by this earth, and His right to rule by this earth, and His right to rule by

The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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He was approaching, also, some six or eight good citizens of Calais, men of the laboring class, at a guess. Their attention attracted by his frantic flight, they stopped to wonder. One or two moved as though to intercept him, and he doubled out into the middle of the street with the quickness of thought. An instant later he shot around another corner and disappeared, the natives streaming after in hot chase, electrified by the inspiring strains of "Stop thief!" or its French equivalent.

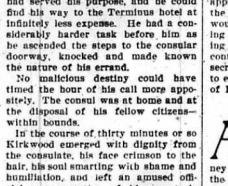
The mob struggled round yet another corner and was gone. Its clamor diminished on the still spring air, and Kirkwood, recovering, abandoned Mr. Hobbs to the justice of the high gods and the French system of jurisprudence. At least he hoped the latter would take an interest in the case if haply Hobbs were laid by the heels and sent his way replevied.

As for the scratch on his arm, it was nothing, as he presently demonstrated to his complete satisfaction in the seclusion of a chance sent fiacre. Kirkwood, commissioning it to drive him to the American consulate, made his diagnosis en route, wound a handkerchief round the negligible wound, rolled down his sleeve and forgot it altogether in the joys of picturing to himself Hobbs in the act of opening the satchel in expectation of finding therein the gladstone bag.

At the consulate door he paid off the driver and dismissed him. The fiacre had served his purpose, and he could find his way to the Terminus hotel at infinitely less expense. He had a considerably harder task before him as he ascended the steps to the consular doorway, knocked and made known the nature of his errand.

So malicious destiny could have timed the hour of his call more appositely. The consul was at home and at the disposal of his fellow citizens—within bounds.

In the course of thirty minutes or so Kirkwood emerged with dignity from the consulate, his face crimson to the hair, his soul smarting with shame and humiliation, and left an amused official representative of his country's government with the impression of



He disappeared, the natives streaming after in hot chase.

having been entertained to the point of ennui by an exceptionally clumsy but pertinacious liar.

At noon precisely, his suspense grown too onerous for his strength of will, throwing caution and their understanding to the winds, he walked boldly into the Terminus and inquired for Miss Calendar.

When at length she appeared on the threshold of the apartment, bringing with her the traveling bag and looking wonderfully the better for her ninety minutes of complete repose and privacy, the relief he experienced was so intense that he remained transfixed in the middle of the floor, momentarily able neither to speak nor to move.

On her part, so fagged and distraught did he seem, that at sight of his careworn countenance she hurried to him with outstretched, compassionate hands and a low, pitiful cry of concern, forgetful entirely of that which he himself had forgotten the emotion she had betrayed on parting.

"Oh, nothing wrong," he ordered to reassure her, with a sorry ghost of a familiar grin, "only I have lost Hobbs and the satchel with your things, and there's no sign yet of Mr. Calendar. We can feel pretty comfortable now, and—and I thought it time we had something like a meal."

The narrative of his adventure which he delivered over their dejeuner a la fourchette contained no mention either of his rebuff at the American consulate or the scratch he had sustained during Hobbs' murderous assault. This one could not conceive for the other would seem but a bid for her sympathy. He counted it a fortunate thing that the mate's knife had been keen enough to penetrate the cloth of his sleeve without tearing it. The slit it had left was barely noticeable. And he purposely diverted the girl with flashes of humorous description, so that they discussed both meal and episode in a mood of wholesome merriment.

It was concluded, all too soon for the taste of either, by the waiter's announcement that the steamer was on the point of sailing.

Outwardly composed, inwardly quaking, they boarded the packet, meeting with no misadventure whatever—if we are to except the circumstance that when the restaurant bill was settled and the girl had punctiliously surrendered his change with the tickets Kirkwood found himself in possession of precisely 1 franc and 20 centimes.

He groaned in spirit to think how differently he might have been fixed had he not in his infatuated spirit of honesty been so anxious to give Calender more than ample value for his money.

An inexorable anxiety held them both near the gangway until it was cast off and the boat began to draw away from the pier. Then, and not till then, did an unimpressive, small figure of a man detach itself from the shield of a pile of luggage and advance to the pier head in a second glance was needed to identify Mr. Hobbs, and until the perspective dwarfed him indistinguishably he was to be seen alternately waving Kirkwood ironic farewell and blowing violent kisses to Miss Calendar from the tips of his soiled fingers.

So he had escaped arrest.

At first by turns indignant and relieved to see the last of thewaffler they were to move in scenes in which his hateful shadow would not form an essentially component part, subsequently Kirkwood felt a prey to a prodigy of terors. It was not alone fear or retribution that had induced Hobbs to relinquish his persecution, or so Kirkwood had become convinced. If the mate's calculation had allowed for them the least fraction of a chance to escape apprehension on the farther shores of the channel, no fears nor threats would have prevented him from sailing with the fugitives. Far from having left danger behind them on the continent Kirkwood believed in his secret heart that they were but flying to encounter it beneath the smoky pall of London.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

As the evening boat train from Dover swung on toward Charing Cross for perhaps the tenth time in the course of his journey Kirkwood withdrew his gaze from the window and turned to the girl, a question ready framed upon his lips.

"Are you quite sure"— he began, and then, alive to the clear and penetrating perception in the brown eyes that smiled into his from under their level brows, he stammered and left the query uncompleted.

Continuing to regard him steadily and smilingly, Dorothy shook her head in playful denial and protest. "Do you know," she commented, "that this is about the fifth repetition of that identical question within the last quarter hour?"

"How do you know what I meant to say?" he demanded, staring.

"I can see it in your eyes. Besides, you've talked and thought of nothing else since we left the inn. Won't you believe me, please, when I say there's absolutely not a soul in London to whom I could go and ask for shelter? I don't think it's very nice of you to be so openly anxious to get rid of me."

This latter was so essentially undeserved and so artlessly insincere that he must needs, of course, treat it with all seriousness.

"That isn't fair, Miss Calendar. Really it's not."

"What am I to think? I've told you any number of times that it's only an hour's ride on to Chiltern, where the Pyrrords will be glad to take me in. You may depend upon it, by 8 tonight, at the latest, you'll have me off your hands—the drag and worry that I've been ever since"—

"Don't!" he pleaded vehemently. Please! You know it isn't that. I don't want you off my hands, ever. That is to say, I—ah"— Here he was smitten with a dumbness and sat, aghast at the enormity of his blunder, entreating her forgiveness with eyes that very likely pleaded his cause more eloquently than he guessed.

"I mean," he floundered on presently, in the fatuous belief that he would this time be able to control both mind and tongue—"what I mean is I'd be glad to go on serving you in any way I might to the end of time if you'd give me"—

He left the declaration inconclusive —a stroke of diplomacy that would have graced an infinitely more adept wooer. But he used it all unconsciously. "O Lord!" he groaned in spirit. "Worse and more of it! Why in thunder can't I say the right thing right?"

"Dear Mr. Kirkwood," she said gently, bending forward as if to read between the lines anxiety had graven on his countenance, "won't you tell me, please, what it can be that so worries you?"

In desperation he interrupted almost rudely. "It's only this—I—I'm strapped."

"Strapped?" She knitted her brows over this fresh specimen of American slang.

"Flat strapped — busted — broke—on my uppers—down and out." He reeled off synonyms without a smile. "I haven't enough money to pay cab fare across the town"—

"Oh!" she interpolated, enlightened.

"—to say nothing of taking us to Chiltern. I couldn't buy you a glass of water if you were thirsty. There isn't a soul on earth within half who would trust me with a quarter—I mean a shilling—across London bridge. I'm the original 'luckless wonder' and the only genuine Jonah extant."

With a face the hue of fire he cocked his eyebrows askew and attempted to laugh unconcernedly to hide his bitter shame. "I've led you out of the frying pan into the fire, and I don't know what to do. Please call me names."

"Oh, poor Mr. Kirkwood! And it's all because of me! You've beggared yourself"—

"Not precisely. I was beggared to begin with." He hastened to disclaim the extravagant generosity of which she accused him. "I had only three or four pounds to my name that night we met. I haven't told you—I"—

"You've told me nothing, nothing whatever about yourself," she said reproachfully.

"I didn't want to bother you with my troubles. I tried not to talk about myself. You knew I was an American, but I'm worse than that. I'm a Californian—from San Francisco." He tried unsuccessfully to make light of it. "I told you I was the 'luckless wonder.' If I'd ever had any luck I would have stored a little money away. As it was, I lived on my income, left my principal in Frisco, and when the earthquake came it wiped me out completely."

"And you were going home that night we made you miss your steamer!"

"It was my own fault, and I'm glad this blessed minute that I did miss it. Nice sort I'd have been to go off and leave you at the mercy"—

"Please! I want to think. I'm trying to remember how much you've gone through"—

"Precisely what I don't want you to do. Anyway, I did nothing more than any other fellow would have done. Please don't give me credit that I don't deserve. We must go to Mrs Hallam's house first. It's too late now—after 5—else we could deposit the jewels in some bank. Since—since they are no longer yours the only thing and the proper thing to do is to place them in safety or in the hands of their owner. If you take them directly to young Hallam your hands will be clear. And—I never did such a thing in my life, Miss Calendar, but if he's got a spark of gratitude in his makeup I ought to be able to—to—to borrow a pound or so of him."

"Do you think so?" She shook her head in doubt. "I don't know. I know so little of such things. You are right. We must take him the jewels, but"— Her voice trailed off into a sigh of profound perturbation.

He dared not meet her look.

With a jar the train started and began to move more swiftly.

Kirkwood lifted the traveling bag to his knees.

"Don't forget," he said, with some difficulty, "you're to stick by me whatever happens. You mustn't desert me."

"You know," the girl reproved him.

"I know, but there must be no misunderstanding. Don't worry. We'll win out yet. I've a plan."

Glorious liar! He had not the glimmering of a plan.

The engine panting, the train drew in beneath the vast sounding dome of the station to an accompaniment of dull thunderings and stopped finally.

Hurried and jostled, the girl clinging tightly to his arm lest they be separated in the crush, they came to the ticket wicket. Beyond the barrier surged a sea of hats. Beneath any one of these might lurk the malefient brain, the spying eyes, of Calendar or one of his creatures. Beneath all of them that he encountered Kirkwood peered in fearful inquiry.

Abruptly he caught the girl by the arm and unceremoniously hurried her toward a waiting hansom.

"Quick!" he begged her. "Jump in—in—not an instant to spare!"

She nodded brightly, lips firm with courage, eyes shining.

"My father?"

"Yes." Kirkwood glanced back over his shoulder. "He hasn't seen us yet. They've just driven up. Stryker's with him. They're getting down." And to himself, "Oh, the devil!" cried the panic stricken young man.

He drew back to let the girl precede him into the cab. At the same time he kept an eye on Calendar, whose conveyance stood half the length of the station front away.

The fat adventurer had finished paying off the driver, standing on the dock of the hansom. Stryker was already out, towering above the mass of people and glaring about him with his hawk keen vision. Calendar had started to alight. His foot was leaving the step when Stryker's glance singled out their quarry. Instantly he turned and spoke to his confederate. Calendar wheeled like a flash, peering eagerly in the direction indicated by the captain's index finger, then, snapping instructions to his driver, threw himself heavily back on the seat. Stryker, awkward on his land legs, stumbled and fell in an ill calculated attempt to hoist himself hastily back into the vehicle.

To the delay thus occasioned alone Kirkwood and Dorothy owed a respite of freedom. Their hansom was already swinging down toward the great gates of the yard, the American standing to make the driver comprehend the necessity for using the utmost speed in reaching the Craven street address. The man proved both intelligent and obliging. Kirkwood had barely time to drop down beside the girl and close the door when they were upon the Strand, to the peril of the toes belonging to a number of righteously indignant pedestrians.

He turned in the seat, twisting his neck to peep through the small rear window. "I don't see their cab," he announced. "But of course they're after us. However, Craven street's just round the corner. If we get there first I don't fancy Freddie Hallam will have a cordial reception for our pursuers. They must have been on watch at Cannon street, and, finding we were not coming in that way—of course they were expecting us because of Hobbs' wire—they took cab for Charing Cross. Lucky for us—or is it lucky?" he added pointedly to himself.

The hansom whipped round the corner into Craven street. Kirkwood sprang up, grasping the treasure bag, ready to jump the instant they pulled in toward Mrs. Hallam's dwelling. But as they drew near upon the address he drew back with an exclamation of amazement.

The house was closed, showing a blank face to the street—blinds drawn close down in the windows, area gate padlocked, an estate agent's board projecting from above the doorway advertising the property "to be let, furnished."

Kirkwood looked back, craning his neck round the side of the cab. At the moment another hansom was breaking through the rank of humanity on the Strand crossing. He saw one or two figures leap desperately from beneath the horse's hoofs. Then the cab shot out swiftly down the street.

The American stood up again, catching the cabby's eye.

"Drive on!" he cried excitedly. "Don't stop! Drive as fast as you dare!"

"Where to, sir?"

"See that cab behind? Don't let it catch us! Shake it off, lose it somehow, but for the love of heaven don't let it catch us! I'll make it worth your while. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." The driver looked briefly over his shoulder and lifted his whip. "Don't worry, sir," he cried, entering into the spirit of the game with gratifying zest. "Shan't let 'em overhaul you, sir. Mind your head!"

And as Kirkwood ducked the whiplash shot out over the roof with a crack like the report of a pistol. Startled, the horse leaped indignantly forward. Momentarily the cab seemed to leave the ground, then settled down to a pace that carried them round the Avenue theater and across Northumberland avenue into Whitehall place apparently on a single wheel.

"Good little horse!" he applauded.

A moment later he was indorsing without reserve the generalship of their cabby. The quick wedge-like turn that took them into Whitehall, over across from the Horse Guards, likewise placed them in a pocket of traffic. A practically impregnable press of vehicles closed in behind them ere Calendar's conveyance could follow out of the side street.

That the same conditions, but slightly modified, hemmed them in ahead went for nothing in Kirkwood's estimation.

"Good driver!" he approved heartily. "He's got a head on his shoulders."

The girl found her voice. "How," she demanded in a breath, fast and wide with consternation—"how did you dare ?"

"Dare ?" he echoed exultantly, and in his veins excitement was running like liquid fire. "What wouldn't I dare for you Dorothy?"

"What have you not ?" she amended softly, adding, with a shade of timidity, "Philip," her long lashes swept up from her cheeks like clouds revealing stars unmasking eyes radiant, brave, to meet his own. Then they fell even as her lips drooped with disappointment. And she sighed, for he was not looking. Manlike, but with the ardor of the chase, he was deaf and blind to all else.

"I've got a scheme!" Kirkwood declared so explosively that she started her breath with the surprise of it. "There's the Piess. They know me there, and my credit's good. When we shake them off we can take the cabby take us to the hotel. I'll register and borrow from the management enough to pay our way to Chiltern and the tolls for a cable to New Yorg. I've a friend or two over there who wouldn't let me want for a few miserable pounds. So you see," he explained boyishly, "we're at the end of our troubles already!"

She said something inaudible, holding her face averted. He bent nearer to her, wondering. "I didn't understand," he suggested.

Still looking from him, "I said you we very generous to me," she said in a quavering whisper.

"Dorothy!" Without his knowledge or intention before the fact, as instinctively as the use of her given name intimately, his strong fingers dropped and closed upon the little hand that lay beside him. "What is the matter, dear?" He leaned still farther forward to peer into her face till glance met glance in the ending and his racing pulses tightened with sheer delight of the humid happiness in her glistening eyes. "Dorothy, child, don't worry so. No harm shall come to you. It's all working out—all working out right. Only have a little faith in me, and I'll make everything work out right, Dorothy."

Gently she freed her fingers. "I wasn't," she told him in a voice that quivered between laughter and tears —"I wasn't worrying. I was—you wouldn't understand. Don't be afraid I shall break down or—or anything."

"I shan't," he reassured her. "I know you're not that sort. Besides, you'd have no excuse. We're moving along famously. That cabby knows his business."

Past the houses of parliament, through Old Pye street with the abbey on their left, they swung away into Abingdon street, whence suddenly they dived into the maze of back ways, great and mean, which lies to the south of Victoria. Doubling and twisting, now this way, now that, the driver tooled them through the intricate heart of this labyrinth, leading the pursuers a dance that Kirkwood thought calculated to dishearten and shake off the pursuit in the first five minutes. Yet always, peering back through the little peephole, he saw Calendar's cab pelting doggedly in their rear—a hundred yards behind, no more, no less—hanging on with indomitable grit and determination.

Children cheered them on, and pedestrians retarded to stare, doubting whether they should interfere. Minutes rolled into tens, measuring out an hour, and still they hammered on, Calendar and hansom playing the game of hare and hounds through the highways and byways of those staid and aged quarters.

The sun was very low behind the **houses of the Surrey side when Kirk**wood became aware that their horse was flagging, though, as comparison determined, no more so than the one behind.

In genuine concern, the young man raised his hand, thrusting open the trap in the roof. Immediately the square of darkling sky was eclipsed by the cabby's face.

"Going?"

"You had better drive as directly as you can to the Hotel Piess," Kirkwood called up. "I'm afraid it's no use pushing your horse like this."

"I'm sure of it, sir. 'E's a good 'oss, 'e is, but 'e can't keep goin' forhever, you know, sir."

Despondent recklessness tightened Kirkwood's lips and kindled an unpleasant light in his eyes. He clutched his side pocket. Calendar's revolver was still there. Dorothy should with away clear if—if he swung for it.

He bent forward with the traveling bag in his hands.

"We'll have to drop off in a minute. The horse won't last. They're in the same box. I'll undertake to stand 'em off for a bit. You take the bag and run for it. Just as soon as I can convince them I'll follow, but if there's any delay you call the first cab you see and drive to the Piess. I'll join you there."

He stood up, surveying the neighborhood. Behind him the girl lifted her voice in protest.

"No, Philip, no! I won't leave you."

He shook his head in silent contradiction, frowning, but not frowning because of the girl's mutiny. He was a little puzzled by a vague impression.

The hansom was traversing a street in Old Brompton, a quaint, primeval lane lined with dwellings singularly old worldish even for London. He seemed to know it subjectively to have retained a memory of it from another existence. Calendar's cab was drawing perilously near, and he was debating whether or not they should alight at once and try to make a better pace afoot when the decision was taken wholly out of his hands.

Blindly staggering on, wited with weariness, the horse stumbled in the shafts and plunged forward on its knees. Quick as the driver was to pull it up, with a cruel jerk of the bits, Kirkwood was caught unprepared. Lurching against the dashboard, he lost his footing, grasped frantically at the unstable air and went over, bringing up in a sitting position in the gutter with a solid shock that jarred his very teeth.

For a moment dazed, he sat there blinking. By the time he got to his feet the girl stood beside him, questioning him with keen solicitude.

"No," he gasped, "not hurt—only surprised. Are you?"

Their cab had come to a complete standastill. Calendar's was no more than twenty yards behind, and as Kirkwood caught sight of him the fat adventurer was in the act of lifting himself ponderously out of the seat.

Incontinently the young man turned to the girl and forced the traveling bag into her hands.

"Run for it!" he begged her. "Don't stop to argue. You promised—run! I'll come."

"Philip!" she pleaded.

"Dorothy!" he cried in torment.

Perhaps it was his unquestionable distress that weakened her. Suddenly she yielded, with whatever reason. He was only dimly aware of the swish of her skirts behind him. He had no time to look round and see that she got away safely. He had only eyes and thoughts for Calendar and Stryker.

They were both afoot now and running toward him, the one as awkward as the other, but neither yielding a jot of their malignant purpose. He held the picture of it oddly graphic in his memory for many a day thereafter.

To this mental photograph another succeeds of the same scene an instant later, all as it had been before, their relative positions unchanged save that Stryker and Calendar had come to a dead stop and that Kirkwood's right arm was lifted and extended, pointing at the captain.

So forgetful of self was he that it required a moment's thought to convince him that he was really responsible for the abrupt transformation. Incredulously he realized that he had drawn Calendar's revolver and pulled Stryker up short in midstride by the mute menace of it as much as by his coarse cry of warning:

"Stryker, not another foot!"

With this there chimed in Dorothy's voice, ringing bell clear from a little distance:

"Philip!"

Like a flash he wheeled to add yet another picture to his mental gallery.

Perhaps twoscore feet up the sidewalk a gate stood open. Just outside it a man of tall and slender figure, rigged out in a bizarre costume consisting mainly of a flowered dressing gown and slippers, was waiting in an attitude of singular impassivity. With in it, pausing with a foot lifted to the doorstep, bag in hand, her head turned as she looked back, was Dorothy.

As he comprehended these essential details of the composition the man in the flowered dressing gown raised a hand, beckoning to him in a manner as imperative as his accompanying smile.

Kirkwood choked on a laugh that was half a sob. "Brentwick!" he cried, restoring the weapon to his pocket and running toward his friend. "Of all happy incidents!"

"You may call it that," retorted the elder man, with a fleeting smile, as Kirkwood slipped inside the doorgard. "Yes," he said, "let's get into the house."

But you said—I thought you went to Munich," stammered Kirkwood, and so disconcerted was his mind with this understanding that it was hard for him to adjust his perceptions to the truth.

"I was detained—by business," responded Brentwick briefly. His gaze, weary and wistful behind his glasses, rested on the face of the girl on the threshold of his home, and the faint, sensitive flush of her face deepened the stronger as she entered her with a bow that, for all his fantastical attire, would have graced a beau of an earlier decade. "Will you be pleased to enter?" he suggested punctiliously. "My house, such as it is, is quite at your disposal. And," he added, with a glance over his shoulder, "I fancy that a word or two may presently be necessary which you would hardly care to hear."

Kirkwood lingered with his friend upon the door stoop. Calendar recovered from his temporary consternation, was already at the gate, bending over it, fat fingers fumbling with the latch, his round red face lifted to the house, darkly working with chagrin.

From his threshold, watching him with a slight contraction of the eyes, Brentwick hailed him in tones of cloying courtesy:

"Do you wish to see me, sir?"

The fat adventurer faltered just within the gateway. Then, with truculent swagger, "I want my daughter !" he decared vociferously.

Brentwick peered over his glasses, first at Calandar, the nat Kirkwood. His glance lingered a moment

"I want my daughter!"

on the young man's honest eyes and swung back to Calendar.

"My good man," he said, with sublime tolerance, "will you be pleased to take yourself off—to the devil if you like? Or shall I take the trouble to interest the police?"

He removed one fine and fenzile hand from a pocket of the flowered dressing gown long enough to jerk it significantly toward the nearer street corner.

Thunderstruck, Calendar glanced hastily in the indicated direction. A blue coated bobby was to be seen approaching with measured stride, differing upon the still evening air an impression of ineffably capable self-contentment.

Calendar's fleshy lips parted and closed without a sound. He lunged the gate behind him and waddled off to join the captain, who already, with praiseworthy native prudence, had fallen back upon their cab.

Silently extracting money from his pocket, he paid off his driver and in company with Stryker trudged in morose silence down the street.

Brentwick touched Kirkwood's arm and drew him into the house.

CHAPTER XXIX.

As the door closed Kirkwood swung impulsively to Brentwick with the brief, unconvinced laugh of fine drawn nerves.

"Good God, sir!" he cried "You don't know"—

"I can surmise," interrupted the elder man shrewdly.

"You turned up in the nick of time, for all the world like"—

"Harlequin popping through a stage trap?"

"No—an incarnation of the providence that watches over children and fools."

Brentwick dropped a calming hand upon his shoulder. "Your simile seems singularly happy, Philip. Permit me to suggest that you join the child in my study." He laughed quietly, with a slight nod toward an open door at the end of the hallway. "Study myself, I'll be with you in one moment."

A faint, indulgent smile lurking in the shadow of his white mustache, he watched the young man wheel and dart through the doorway. "Young hearts!" he commented audibly, and a trace sadly. "Youth!"

Beyond the threshold of the study Kirkwood paused, eager eyes searching his somber shadows for a sign of Dorothy.

By the fireplace, a little to one side, she stood, one small foot resting on the brass fender, her figure merging into the dusky background, her delicate beauty gaining an effect of elusive and ethereal mystery in the waning and waxing ruddy glow upflung from the bedded coals.

"Oh, Philip!" She turned swiftly to Kirkwood with extended hands and a low, broken cry. "I'm so glad."

A trace of hysteria in her manner warned him, and he checked himself upon the verge of a too dangerous tenderness. "There!" he said soothingly, letting her hands rest gently in his palms while he led her to a chair, "we can make ourselves easy now."

She sat down, and he released her hands with a reluctance less evident than actual. "If ever I can another word against my luck!"—

"Who," inquired the girl, lowering her voice, "who is the gentleman in the flowered dressing gown ?"

"Brentwick—George Sylvester Brentwick, an old friend. Curious, however, this is the first time I've ever been here. I called once, but he wasn't in, a few days ago, the day we met. I thought the place looked familiar. Stupid of me"— "Philip," said the girl, with a grave face, but a shaking voice, "it was"—

(Continued on page 6)

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S
I'M SUCH SICK O' THIS BLAMED VEGETABLE DIET WAS GOT ME ON, BUT SHE WATCHES TH' KITCHEN SO CLOSE I DON'T SEE HOW YOU'RE GOIN' T' GET TH CHANCE T' COOK ME A PIECE O' MEAT?
WOE-SIN FIXEE ALL LIGHT? I COME KLITTY?
SON—IN—LAW
PA
MISSY PA ALL SAME KEEPEE SHIRTEE ON, PLITTY SOON WOE-SIN KETCHEE VELLY NICE MEAT STEW!
GREAT! BUT— UH— WHY TH' CAT?
©1927 INT. FEATURES, INC.
BARED THE WORST FOR AWHILE —BYWELLINGTON
I KNOW I SHELL MEAT COOKING? I'LL LOOK INTO THIS — I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS ANY MEAT IN THE HOUSE!
O-OH, GOSH! CAN HE BE — UH —
YEP! WOE-SIN ALL SAME. STEW LILLY PIECEE MEAT? KITTY VELLY HUNGLY — SHE NO EATEE VEGETABLE!
OH!
OH!
GHWELLINGTON

Plow Shares.
To fit all makes of plows at
THE M. B. MILLS CO.
48-tf

Teacher Training Class.
The Standard Training School, under the auspices of the County Sunday School Association, is being held this week in Trinity Church, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The classes will be held from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. The courses of study will be "The Pupil," "The Teachings of Jesus" and "The Old Testament." Visitors are welcome to attnd.

Auction Sale.
There will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at the home of Robert H. McFarland, on the Belleville Road, 4½ miles from Napanee, on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, 1927, at 1 o'clock sharp, the following: 3 horses, 4 cows, 3 walking plows, horserake, spring tooth cultivator, corn scuffler, lumber wagon and hay rack, seed drill, set of sleighs, set of double harness, 2-year-old colt, 40 hens, new mower, grain, Massey-Harris cream separator, Ford sedan and several other used cars, used tires, auto chains, etc. 6-foot counter show case, 200 bus. oats and barley mixed, forks, quantity of hay and straw and other articles too numerous to mention. Terms of sale: $10 and under, cash, over that amount 9 months credit on approved joint notes, with interest at 7%.
S. W. CLARK, Odessa,
Auctioneer.

Sunday School Class Elects Officers.
The members and friends of the "Helping Hand" Bible Class, to the number of about fifty, gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Snider, Dundas street, west, on Friday evening last, for the purpose of electing their officers for the ensuing year, and also to enjoy a social evening together. During the early part of the evening, the election of officers took place and resulted as follows:
President—Mr. Escott Rose.
Vice-Pres.—Mr. H. Thompson.
Teacher—Mr. A. S. Hamilton.
Rec.-Sec.—Mr. F. J. VanAlstyne.
Assistant Sec.—Mr. Garfield Sills.
Treas.—Mrs. Stewart Shellor.
Following the election of officers the balance of the evening was spent in comic and amusing sketches, nearly every one present taking part. Refreshments were served at the close, after which all departed to their several homes, after extending to their host and hostess hearty thanks for a most pleasant evening.

Hospital for Sick Children
67 College St., Toronto 2, Ont.
December, 1927.

Dear Mr. Editor:—
Most of your readers are well aware of the wonderful service which the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto is enabled to perform through the generosity of its friends. During the Christmas season the Hospital appropriately makes its annual appeal for the funds necessary to carry on the work throughout the new year. Now is the time to give tangible expression to the feeling of good-will which "The Sick Kids" Hospital—as it is familiarly called—has won for itself in every part of this province.

The magnitude of the Hospital's task continually enlarges. In its little blue cots there are always nearer three hundred than two hundred youngsters being tenderly ushered back to health and strength. For every patient a dollar a day must be secured through voluntary contributions which adds up to at least $100,000 for each year of the hospital's ministry.

Its service, however, is not confined to its own four walls. Note these arresting facts. The infant mortality rate in Ontario is 78.5, while in Quebec it is 142. In our towns and cities the loss of infant life is less than half what it is in the sister province. Now, for Ontario's priceless advantage, one outstanding reason is the maintenance by public benevolence of a world-famous provincial institution dedicated to the care of the on-coming generation. An entire department of the Hospital for Sick Children is devoted to the care of babies under one year of age. Here every aid which medical science can devise is extended to help the tiny patients through the first hard round in their struggle for existence.

Familiarity with the methods here employed is an invaluable asset to doctors and nurses enlisting for service in the homes of the province. Thus is the childhood of even the most remote community within the compass of the widespread ministration of the Hospital for Sick Children benefitted. It is indeed a work for humanity which deserves cordial remembrance at Christmas time.

Faithfully yours,
IRVING E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman Appeal Committee.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited.
Belleville, Ontario.
(60th Year)
Famed throughout America and the West Indies for the **Superiority** of its **Courses** and the **Success** of its **Graduates.** Prepares students for positions as **Accountants, Bookkeepers, Secretaries, Stenographers,** etc.
Students may start at any time.
Write for Q. B. C. Catalogue.
I. L. MOORE, Principal.
40-1

See our Splendid Line of
QUEBEC RANGES
in White Enamel and Black Enamel
—also—
Circulating Heaters
in Mahogany and Black Finishes.
Wilson's Hardware.

No Change in the Price
Hair Cut
35c.
FRED S. SCOTT
BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.
(One door south of Express Office.)

F. C. MARTIN & SON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS
Ambulance Service in Connection
Prompt attention to night or day calls.
Office Telephone No. 74.
Residence Telephone No. 375
24-6m

Important!
We are Authorized Dealer for
DeForest & Crossley Radios
'Phone 367 and make arrangements with us to install for you a new DeForest & Crossley Batteryless Radio, or, if preferred, one with batteries. We will demonstrate this machine without cost to you in the privacy of your own home.
We carry a full line of Eveready Layerbilt Batteries and Moximite Radio Batteries.
All Radio Sets must be licensed. Get your license from us.
We have one of the latest type Chargers to look after your Storage Battery.
Estimates free on application for wiring your home, or renewing old wiring.
We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heaters, Irons, Toasters, Percolators and Curling Tongs.
Beach and National Electric Ranges. Also Hot Plates.
The Hurley Superior Washing Machine.
Floor Polisher to rent $2.00 per day.
Premier Vacuum Cleaner to rent, $1.25 per day, 65c. half day.
Vine's Electric Shop
MARKET SQUARE. 'Phone 367.
Residence 'Phone 112-F

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE
there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.
We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.
Talk it over with
WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship, conducted by the minister. Sermon, "Hitting on Four Cylinders"—a sermon to youth.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship, conducted by Rev. Harry Pawson, minister of Trinity Church.
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Cello-Glass:
For your poultry houses. Sold at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Venison Dinner.
The members of Argyll Lodge No. 212, I.O.O.F., are holding a Venison Dinner at 6.30 sharp, on Thursday evening of this week, in their Assemby Hall, Bank of Montreal Building. All members requested to be present. This is your invitation.

Notice to the Public.
J. W. Metzler and C. Hawley have moved their Insurance Offices over the Montreal Bank, in the officer formerly occupied by the late G. F. Ruttan.
J. W. METZLER.
C. HAWLEY.
52-d

Bank of Montreal Building Being Equipped with Fire Escape.
This week an up-to-date fire escape is being erected on the south wall of the Bank of Montreal building. Mr. W. J. Jewell has the contract. The cost will be in the neighborhood of $900.00. The escape will be made entirely of steel and will be fastened to the wall with inch bolts and supported with eye-beam standards. There will be four landings and the stairway will be 22 inches wide.

Sent to Industrial School.
Carman Wood, of Sheffield township appeared before Magistrate Rankin on Saturday and pleaded guilty to a charge of killing a cow which belonged to a Sheffield township farmer and selling its hide. U. M. Wilson was present for the Crown and W. J. Grange represented the fourteen-year-old boy. Wood also pleaded guilty to stealing provisions from the buggy of William McDonald on November 19, and to attempting to set a school house on fire about twelve months ago. He was sentenced to from three to seven years at the Ontario Industrial School.

One Ton of Coal Free.
In front of Wilson's new Coal Office on Centre St., at the railway crossing is a large lump of Lehigh Valley Anthracite—the biggest piece of coal ever exhibited in Napanee. Every person is entitled to one guess as to how much it weighs. The person guessing nearest to the correct weight will receive ONE TON OF THE FAMOUS LEHIGH VALLEY ANTHRACITE, FREE. The contest closes at 12 noon on Tuesday, December 20th, and on that date the lump will be weighed by the Mayor of Napanee. Hand in your guess with your name and address at Wilson's Coal Office, on Centre street, at the Railway Crossing.
WILFRED S. WILSON,
Coal and Wood.

Signs by Nature of a Short Winter.
Old-timers are predicting a short winter and an early spring, backing up their prophecies by many signs being displayed by nature. Among those noted is the finding of worms low on the ground instead of burrowing a distance underground, which they usually do at this season of the year, in preparation for the coming frost. This is considered a sure sign of a wild season.
In certain orchards, blossoms have been noticed recently on apple trees and dandelions in various gardens, another sign. Others, who are versed in bird lore, claim that birds are migrating to the south later this year and the unwelcome crow is staying longer than usual.

Wettest November in Past Fifty Years.
Wetter and warmer and darker than the usual November has been the month just ended. It was the wettest since 1877. It had only 64 hours of sunlight—twenty hours below the average. It had a rainfall 1.65 inches above the average. It had a temperature that averaged 40.9 degrees or 5.9 above the average. Only five Novembers in all the history of the Toronto weather record—some 85 years—have been wetter. The record precipitation was 5.80 inches in 1846. The other four months that have eclipsed the past month were:

1842	5.31 inches
1843	4.76 inches
1859	5.19 inches
1877	5.45 inches

The total precipitation last month was 4.54, or 1.59 inches above the November average. Precipitation includes both rain and snow and in this case the snowfall totaled exactly four inches for November. But it takes ten inches of snow to make one inch of rain according to weather measuring standards, and that accounts for the 4.54 figure when it is noted that the rainfall was 4.14 inches. The snowfall was actually half an inch——or to be exact, .6 of an inch lighter than is the November average. The November temperatures had a wide range, all the way from 69 on the first down to 22 on the 19th.

Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.
Bethany Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Anderson Church: Sunday 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:
10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

St. John's Selby—
2.30—Evening Prayer and sermon.

Couriers, Attention!
The annual meeting of the Napanee Curling Club will be held at the Club House on Friday evening, December 9th, at 7.30 p.m., sharp. Any and all interested in this rip, roaring game, are invited to be present.

Surprising.
You will be surprised if you have not already visited us to see our display of suitable presents for Xmas. Carvers, table, butcher and pocket knives.
2-b BOYLE & SON.

Napanee Women's Institute.
The regular meeting of the above society will be held in the usual place at 2.30 p.m., on Tuesday, Dec. 15th. The feature of the afternoon will be a demonstration of varieties of cookies from one recipe. Roll Call—Christmas Ideas.

Reports Mineral Deposits.
William Bradley, of Tamworth, a prospector from North Addington, reports that iron ore, talc and silica abound in the territory in commercial quantities, and they are close enough to railways to make it comparatively easy to ship. Bradley has had assays made of specimens taken from iron deposits in North Addington, and they run about 54 per cent. iron.

A Real Display.
This is, by far, the largest and best assortment of chocolates, in package and in bulk, that we have ever stocked. They are from three of the best chocolate manufacturers in Canada, viz: Neilson's, Moir's and Patterson's. Do not look for them in the windows. They are in three "silent salesmen." Come in and look them over.
1-b AT STEACY'S.

Death of Miss Barnes.
Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barnes, Dundas street, in the death of their daughter, Miss Bernice Barnes, which sad event occurred at the family home, Dundas street on Sunday, December 4th. Deceased was only seventeen years of age and had been a patient sufferer for some months. During the summer months she underwent treatment at the Kingston hospital. The funeral took place this (Tuesday) morning at 10 o'clock from the family home, interment being made at Riverview cemetery.

Selby W. M. S.
The meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of Selby, met in the basement of the Union Church, on December 2nd, with the President, Mrs. Weese, in the chair. The members were fairly well represented. As a society, we are unanimous in our endeavour to meet the need regarding finances and hope to have our allocation in by the end of the month. We are also glad to report the sale for two quilts that were made some time ago, and received a call for more. Two are about ready for quilting and there is a call for the ladies to meet at the basement on the 8th, to quilt and finish them. We wish the ladies to bring in their mite boxes on that day, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 13th, there will be a pie social held in the basement of the Church. Admission 25c. Everyone is invited to attend.
MRS. J. C. HUDGINS,
Press Secretary.

St. Andrews' Anniversary.
Ideal weather prevailed for the anniversary services of St. Andrews' United Church, which were held on Sunday both morning and evening. The pulpit was occupied by Rev. Dr. A. Kent, principal of Queen's Theological College, Kngston. This was the first visit to a Napanee pulpit, of this distinguished scholar, and the congregations were privileged and honored by hearing two masterly and inspiring messages. The congregations were large, and the music, which was well rendered, was special for the occasion. At the morning service, in addition to the anthem, a splendid quartette was given by Mrs. Vaulkman, Miss Lancaster and Messrs. Caldwell and Shannon. At the evening service a magnificant duet was given by Mrs. Vaikman and Mr. Caldwell, the choir also rendering a beautiful anthem.

MAN SO NERVOUS GETS SORE WHEN SPOKEN TO
"It actually irritated me to have anyone talk to me, I was so nervous. Vinol ended this and I feel wonderful now."—Wm. Fahy
Vinol is a compound of iron, phosphates, cod liver peptone, etc. The very FIRST bottle makes you sleep better and have a BIG appetite. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how QUICK the iron, phosphates, etc., give new life and pep. Vinol tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.
Wednesday, 7.30—"An Hour of Bible Study."

AUTOMOBILE SHOPPING
BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

When looking for chances to buy more cheaply, it is best to get out into the byways and away from the main routes, hunting out the industrious farm wife who lives on the back road and who knows how to get farm products into good marketable shape but cannot easily reach the market. She will make it an object for a city housewife to come to her and to keep coming. Often a constant and highly satisfactory source of supply may be found in this way.
The farther back into the country one goes, the more interesting becomes the experience and the better the values one gets for the money. Besides there are sights and scenery that are not to be found on the state road.
When you go right to the farmer and pay him spot cash, for his produce you get the kind of buyer the farmer likes to meet, and he is in most cases prepared to sell at a bottom price. There are plenty of farmers who are only anxious to exact the last possible cent from the motorist, but by shopping a little among these rural sellers you may take your pick.
It is worth while to think over a list of the farm products available in the autumn and even in early winter. Perhaps a partial list will suggest the advantage of getting certain articles where they are to be had in prime condition, perfect freshness and without the profit added.
Shopping around among the farmers is not so different from shopping around in town. There are apples and pears, plums and grapes, potatoes, squash and pumpkin, cabbages, carrots, turnips, butter and eggs, honey, maple syrup, turkeys, ducks, chickens, hams and other dressed meats.
Once acquainted with a farmer who has treated you well and has the things you want, it pays to develop a friendship and to make the relations as personal as possible. To develop friendly relations with a farmer as a source of supply is to make him feel like giving the best value for the money, and probably throwing in something additional for friendship, which sad event occurred at the family home, Dundas street on Sunday, December 4th. Deceased was only seventeen years of age and had been a patient sufferer for some months. During the summer months she underwent treatment at the Kingston hospital. The funeral took place this (Tuesday) morning at 10 o'clock from the family home, interment being made at Riverview cemetery.

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ASSURANCE
THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.
MASTERS & TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
AMBULANCE WINDOW SHOPPE

Rector of Tamworth Moves to Lyndhurst.
Rev. J. A. Poston, of Tamworth has been appointed by the Bishop of Ontario to assume charge of the parish of Leeds Rear, with headquarters at Lyndhurst, in succession to Rev. S. E. Morton, now of St. Luke's, Kingston.

Gave Fine Recital.
One of the most enjoyable events of the season was the recital given on Friday evening last in the Community Hall at Enterprise, by Jack Elder, of Kingston. Mr. Elder gave a programme of Scottish ballads and character songs. The new hall was filled to the doors and every item on the programme was greatly enjoyed.

ODESSA.

The regular monthly meeting of Odessa W. I. was held in the Public Library on November 16th with thirteen members present and four visitors. After the usual opening the roll call was answered by "Thanksgiving Thoughts." The minutes of the October meeting were read and adopted and other correspondence read.
It was decided to hold a short course in Millinery early in February if we could get a teacher at that time.
Reports of the convention held in Kingston were given by Mrs. W. J. Snider, Mrs. Roy Hartman and Miss Williams Clark. Discussion of same followed. Several members gave ideas on inexpensive Xmas gifts.
The next meeting will be held in the Library on December 7th. The roll call will be by My Favorite Recipe. Mrs. J. H. Miller of Napanee will be present to give an address.

Xmas Suggestions.
The most elaborate display of brass jardinieres, cake baskets, sandwich plates, candle sticks, smokers' sets, ash trays, coal hods, coal boxes, that has ever been known here. Drop in and see them at
2-b BOYLE & SON.

Radio Accessories.
Tubes, Layerbilt heavy B. batteries. Last longer and give better service.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ANCIENT OFFICE REMAINS.

Ever Since 1570, the Remembrancer Holds Sway In London.
Changing conditions in England have failed to remove the ancient office of remembrancer. This official, who is paid from $7,500 to $10,000 a year, sits beneath the gallery of the House of Commons and keeps his ears open for legislation that may affect the interests or privileges of the City of London. Someone has been doing that ever since 1570. In addition, he must act as medium for communications between cit, corporation and the royal family or cabinet, also taking charge of arrangements when a speech is presented to distinguished visitors. Among other things, he must be a lawyer. The office of common crier also has withstood the changing conditions. This official draws $2,500, and his duties are less important, but more romantic than those of the remembrancer. It is his solemn privilege and duty to carry the mace before the Lord Mayor whenever that dignitary appears in public. Another duty is to assist the mayor in issuing invitations to public entertainments.

H. M. S. Mystery.
The building of H. M. S. London, the new battleship which was recently launched at Portsmouth, England, was conducted with the greatest possible secrecy, and it is announced that she will remain a mystery ship for some years to come. No one except the officials nearly concerned knows the full details of her construction.
The only particulars available about this craft, which has been built under the provisions of the Washington Treaty, are that she will have the high speed of thirty-two knots, will displace 10,000 tons, will mount eight 8-inch and four 4-inch guns, and will be fitted with a carving deck to protect her against aerial attack.
It is interesting to note that this is the ninth vessel of the name which has been launched for the British navy, the first being in service so far back as 1656.

Jack: My ideal of a wife is one who can make good bread.
Madge: My ideal of a husband is one who can raise the "dough" in the hour of "knead."

WONDERLAND
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY
"THE SUNSET DERBY," in which Mary Astor plays the feminine lead and Buster Collier is seen as the jockey.
Also a good comedy.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY
Based on that lilting melody, written twenty years ago by Maude Nugent, Columbia Pictures Corporation has produced a film under the original title, "SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY," with the petite Shirley Mason in the original role.
Also a two reel comedy.
MONDAY and TUESDAY
One show only at 8 o'clock.
Special 10-reel feature.
Not since Charles Ray began his sensational comeback has he had a role that compared with Terry O'Neill in THE FIRE BRIGADE," the great fire feature, produced by Hunt Stromberg for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Also a special comedy.
Stevens' Blue Jacket Orchestra Thursday night.
GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Featuring several splendid stories of outdoor life as well as numerous interesting articles on sporting subjects, the December issue of ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS, Canadian sporting magazine, has just been published. Among the well told stories of hunting trips is an especially good one of a trip in the Rocky Muntains after big horn sheep and goat by George H. Charels.
In addition to the full list of other articles, the regular departments on guns and ammunition by C. S. Landis, Fishing Notes, edited by G. P. Sladen, Outdoor Talk by W. C. Motley, Kennel Notes by C. G. Hodson and Dr. L. E. L. Taylor and "Along the Trap Line," by M. U. Bates, all contain most useful information with regard o their, special fields.
Canadian Silver Fox News section also contains valuable material with regard to the growing industry and informative articles.
Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

Opportunity.
To those interested in securing a radio, we have at present the following well known Radios, which have been used—a short time and are in A1 condition—at greatly reduced prices:
1 Stromberg-Carlson, 6 tubes.
1 Atwater-Kent, 6 tubes.
1 Freed-Eisemann, 5 tubes.
Also bargains in table, cone and horn speakers.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

WEBSTER'S
GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE
As we have decided to discontinue the grocery business at the end of the year we will offer to the public our high class stock of merchandise at greatly reduced prices.
Sale Starts Nov. 30th
and continues until the end of December
A full line of new Raisins, Currants, Peel, Shelled Nuts, for the Christmas Cake.
We will also have in stock a full line of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables such as Figs, Dates, Table Raisins, Oranges, Grape Fruit, Cranberries, Bananas, Iceberg Lettuce, Celery, Sweet Green Peppers, etc.
A well assorted stock of Xmas Candies and Nuts.
We are taking orders for Xmas Holly, Holly Wreaths, and Evergreen Wreathing.
As it would take up too much space to quote prices we would ask you to come in and see us as we intend to dispose of our stock in a short space of time.
Webster's Grocery
The Sign of Quality

Xmas Neckwear

A Real Opportunity to buy Good Ties In Fancy Xmas Boxes

FB459—Men's Four-in-hand Ties, made in a large variety of stripes, fancy Jacquard designs and floral patterns. In splendid combination colorings. Materials usually used in Ties that sell from 75c. to $1.00. A lucky factory purchase. Note our price. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each..... **49C.**

Dainty Georgette and Crepe Scarfs

Just right for Mother, Sister or Wife Get them early

JB450—These Georgette and Crepe Scarfs are very daintly printed on ends, measure 17 inches wide by 56 inches long. In all the season's dainty color effects. Big value at $1.75. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each..... **$1.39**

CHOOSE Christmas Gifts Here

Men's Gloves

See this Quality and Compare the Values

FB460—A splendid quality Tan Mocha Glove, well made throughout and strongly sewn. With a heavy, warm lining, wind gusset and dome fasteners. Regular $2.00 number—DURING THREE BIG DAYS, pair..... **$1.49**

Fine Braces

Always an acceptable Gift In Xmas Boxes of new design

FB458—Made from a strong elastic, lisle and art silk webbing, in light colorings and fancy stripes. Stitched kid ends and kid cast-off with metal support. A usual 75c. Christmas number. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, per pair..... **49C.**

Wonderful Value in 23-Piece Tea Sets

Can you think of any Gift that is More Practical and Less Expensive ?

KB457—This twenty-three piece imported Tea Set will surprise you. Consists of Teapot, Cream Jug, Sugarbowl, Six Plates and Six Cups and Saucers. Prettily decorated in floral designs. Your choice of four patterns. Each set carefully packed. Big value if sold at $5.00. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, per set..... **$3.69**

Great Value! 4-Piece Combination Mop Sets

A good Christmas Present for the house at away below usual price.

XB461—This set consists of one triangular-shaped Polish Mop, one triangular-shaped Dust Mop, one long Handle, and a tin of Cedar Oil. Specially purchased for Xmas selling and priced very low. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, **per set complete 98C.**

Women's Silk and Wool Hose

We share in a clearing lot and you will get full benefit of our saving

DB452—A splendid quality Silk and Wool Hose with faint overchecks in several different designs, with ground colorings of Fawn, Grey, Black, etc. All sizes from 8½ to 10. A regular $1.00 line. DURING 3 BIG DAYS, per pair..... **69C.**

Wool Gloves

For your own use or for Gift purposes, at a Big Saving

JB449—This splendid assortment of Women's Fine Seamless Knitted Gloves contains fancy colored turned cuffs as well as plain ribbed cuffs. In colors of Camel, Fawns, Grey, Lovats, etc. In all women's sizes. Regular 75c. and 85c. values. DURING THREE BIG DAYS per pair..... **59C.**

Handkerchiefs

These Men's Rayon Handkerchiefs make excellent Gifts, and there's a saving for you.

HB446—Silk Rayon Handkerchiefs, 17 inches square, with fancy colored border designs on colored centres of Sand, Mauve, Blues, Greys, etc. Don't miss seeing these. Big value at 25c. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, each..... **19C.**

Good Perfume, Daintily Boxed

The Quality of this Perfume is much better than our price would indicate

GB455—A dainty, compact, flat-shaped bottle of delicately-odored Perfume such as Narcissus, Poppy, Jadedine, etc., and each bottle in individual box. Just a lucky Christmas purchase. Good value at 25c. While they last, get them at this store. DURING THREE BIG DAYS each..... **17C.**

Girls' Pure Wool Toques---Low Priced

The Gift Question answered. Read this and note the price.

JB448—Here is a Girl's Pure Wool Toque made double throughout with turn-up band and large pom pom. In colors of Camel, White, Scarlet and Saxe. This Toque is regularly splendid value at 75c. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, your opportunity at each..... **49C.**

THREE BIG DAYS

DEC. 8 THU.
DEC. 9 FRI.
DEC. 10 SAT.

SALE ENDS SATURDAY

Boxed Tea or Coffee Spoons

A notable value—Get here early for these.

GB454—Tea or Coffee Spoon size. Each spoon stamped with EPNS (Electro plated nickel silver). Six spoons daintly packed in leatherette covered case with snap fasteners and soft padded interlining. Usually sold at per set $1.50. DURING THREE BIG DAYS, **per set of Six Spoons in Case**..... **89C.**

Pure Linen Handkerchiefs

For Men

H140—Men's Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, size 17 x 17 inches, heavy quality, Irish make. DURING THREE DAYS LINEN EVENT price each..... **20 CENTS**

White Lawn Handkerchiefs

For Women

H36—Women's Superfine White lawn Handkerchiefs, highly mercerized. Regularly priced at 10c. each. DURING THREE DAY LINEN EVENT, price each..... **6 CENTS**

An Unusually Low Price for Handkerchiefs of This Quality

Fancy Handkerchiefs of Pure Linen and Priced at only 29c.

Dainty New Handkerchief Creations that will appeal to all

H2000—Women's Fancy Handkerchiefs, in various designs. There are in this assortment hand-embroidered Handkerchiefs, in assorted colors, also fine lawn with lace edges, assorted colors and a large assortment of solid colors with Swiss embroidery. This lot represents a very special purchase, and as there is only a limited quantity, purchasers should make a point of being at the store early. During Three Day Linen Event, price each..... **29C.**

Men's Hanky's

Note This Value

H1852—Men's Colored Woven Border Handkerchiefs, fine mercerized quality, Irish make, in assorted colors. Regular price 25c. each. DURING THREE DAY LINEN EVENT, price each..... **19C.**

Pure Oyster Linen Table Cloths

Thoroughly dependable quality. Border colors are Pink, Blue, Gold or Lavender

H923—Pure Oyster Linen Table Cloth, with colored woven border in Pink, Blue, Gold or Lavender, size 63 x 63 inches, hemmed. Regular $2.25 value. DURING THREE DAY LINEN EVENT, price each..... **$1.79**

Striped Crash Towelling

16 inches wide and Heavy Scotch Make

H685—Pure Linen Striped Crash Towelling, 16 inches wide, heavy Scotch make. This is a new line specially made for ourselves and the stripes come in Blue, Gold, Red, Lavender or Green. Regular price 25c. per yard. DURING THREE DAY LINEN EVENT, price per yard..... **15C.**

Pure Linen Hemstitched Napkins

In Many Attractive Designs

H178—14 x 14 inch (approximately) Pure Linen Damask Hemstitched Napkins, in many attractive designs, Irish make. Regular price each 35c. DURING 3 DAY LINEN EVENT, price each..... **19C.**

Always Glad to Serve You

MacGREGOR'S STORE

NAPANEE

TO VISIT OLD COUNTRY

CANADIAN FARMERS TO STUDY NEEDS OF OLD LAND.

Party of One Hundred Will Tour England, Scotland and Denmark—To Learn More of the Empire Marketing Board.

Creation of a better understanding of the needs of the British market and the best means whereby trade can be stimulated, is the underlying motive of a trip of about one hundred Canadian farmers to the Old Country at the beginning of the new year, says the Financial Post. This tour is sponsored and will be conducted by the Canadian National Railways, with the co-operation of the Federal Department of Agriculture, the British Ministry of Agriculture and the agricultural products representative of the Canadian Government in London.

The trip will in no sense be a pleasure tour for the parties concerned, but will involve a strenuous round of activities lasting over a period of two months — January and February. Furthermore the farmers will not be "spoon-fed," but are paying their own travelling and living expenses. Such organization expenses incidental to a tour of this kind will, of course, be borne by the sponsors.

For the past two or three months the Canadian National has been actively engaged in interesting a representative body of men engaged in Canadian agriculture, especially from the West. The response has been exceptional, and it is quite likely that the party will number well over one hundred. In addition to farmers, the group will include representatives from co-operative marketing organizations, departments of agriculture, live stock associations, exhibitions and leading farming and dairy journals.

The itinerary is now practically complete, covering England, Scotland and Denmark. While in Great Britain the party will be entertained by many corporations and public bodies, at which addresses will be given by leading British authorities engaged in Empire marketing, British agriculture and live-stock breeding. Many problems of mutual interest will be discussed.

Unlike the South African farmers' tour, the Canadians will devote most of their time to the study of markets, marketing methods and standards, with a few visits to outstanding studs and herds where breeds of particular interest to Canadian farmers are kept. The party will land at Liverpool on January 18th. Visits will be paid to the corn exchanges and fruit markets, at which such a preponderance of Canadian products are sold; to the Birkenhead cattle wharves, and to the immense docks and storage plants of the Port of Liverpool. At Manchester the Corporation markets, the Ship Canal, storage and trans-shipping facilities and offices, mills and factories of the Wholesale Society will be visited.

From Manchester the party will proceed by motors to Brierley Hill, where the ham and bacon factory of Messrs. Marsh and Baxter, and the great pig market of Birmingham, the largest in the United Kingdom, will be seen. Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford are included in the tour, and at Reading live-stock farms and Sutton's seed laboratories will be visited.

From Windsor, where a visit will be paid to His Majesty's farms with their fine herds and flocks, the party will motor direct to London for a three days' stay before proceeding to Denmark. While in London they will see the chief marketing centres, such as Smithfield and Covent Garden, while different methods of retailing Dominion produce will be studied at first hand from the highest class shops in the West End to the barrows in the streets.

The party will next proceed to Cambridge, where the colleges will be visited and the work in agricultural and marketing research, conducted by such authorities as Prof. T. H. Wood and Sir William Hardy, will be explained. A visit will be paid to the herds, farms and factories of Messrs. Chivers, Ltd.

In Scotland trips will be made through East Lothian to Ayr, Perth and Aberdeen. At Perth the annual Shorthorn Show and sale will be taken in, and it is anticipated that some of the visitors will take advantage of the opportunity to make purchases. Motor trips will be taken from each of these centres to leading herds of Shorthorn, Ayrshire and Aberdeen-Angus cattle and Clydesdale horses.

"We want our people to see at first hand," states Dr. W. I. Black, director of agriculture of the Canadian National Railways, who is responsible for the tour, "and to know more of the work being done by the Empire Marketing Board in enlarging the field for Empire products. This affects us in grain, bacon, cheese, butter, fruit, honey and other products. We believe the effect on Empire trade of bringing a large number of our leading farmers into close touch with the old land, where they may learn for themselves, will be marked."

The opening of a new highway south of Brandon, Manitoba, that will cut more than 100 miles from the route to Minneapolis is promised for next year by the provincial authorities. The route will be via Boissevain, through the municipality of Morton, the Turtle Mountain reserve and thence to Dunseith, N.D., where connection will be made with one of the main trunk highways of that state.

Wheat From the Sub-Arctic.

Forty thousand bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat was grown practically in the sub-Arctic, at Port St. John, 200 miles north of Dawson, Yukon, which is 200 miles from a rail shipping point.

HERMIT OF SACRO MONTE.

Italian Lived on Sacred Mountain for Forty-One Years.

Italy recently lost one of her famous characters the other day through the death of the Hermit of the Sacred Mountain (Sacro Monte) of Varallo, in the province of Novara, Piedmont. He was 81 years old.

For forty-one years he has been a familiar figure to the thousands of pilgrims who come yearly to visit the ancient shrine, with its forty-six chapels ranged along the winding path of the beautiful ascent. He first appeared on the mountain in 1886, and from that time until his death he never left it. He lived like a hermit of old, dedicating himself to prayer and meditation and to the cultivation of a small garden in which he raised rare and beautiful flowers to adorn the shrine of the Madonna.

Tall and straight in spite of his years, entirely bald, and always linen and trousers of the same material, he was a figure that arrested the eye of every pilgrim. He was a gentle soul, extremely affable and full of human kindness. On one subject only he refused to talk, and that was his past before he came to the mountain. He belonged to no religious order, and followed no particular rule.

His name was Giuseppe de Rocco, and he was born at San Sifno di Livenza, in the province of Venice, in 1846. That is all that was definitely known of him. Gossip has it that he became a hermit following the death of his young wife, who was killed by accident.

The hermit lived frugally on the offerings of pilgrims. He received thousands of lire from visitors, but spent little on himself. Most of the money went toward the construction of a beautiful chapel and a little house. He may have had some premonition of his death, for he had prepared his own grave. His end came while he was playing a hymn.

A Great Motor Highway.

One of the great motor highways of the United States, traversing along the Atlantic coast which comprised the original thirteen Colonies, is now surfaced for 84 per cent. of its total length of 2,321 miles, reports the Bureau of Public Roads of the Department of Agriculture. This road, officially designated as U. S. Highway No. 1, starts at Fort Kent, Me., at the Canadian border line, and continuing through Bangor, Portland, Boston, Providence, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Raleigh, Columbia, Augusta, Jacksonville and Palm Beach, terminates at Miami, Florida.

Of the 16 per cent. of this important and historic thoroughfare still unsurfaced 15 per cent. is graded and the remaining 1 per cent. consists of the longer bridges and unimproved roads.

BRITAIN'S HOLY SHRINE

WESTMINSTER ABBEY MAY BE ENLARGED.

Canadian Links With Edward the Confessor's Hoary Church — Ancient Abbey Is Crowded With Memorials.

England's most sacred shrine, Westminster Abbey, may be enlarged as it contains no room for more "storied urns and anbnated busts." From time immemorial the ancient abbey has been undergoing enlargement. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Tradition says that in Roman times a temple of Apollo stood on the site, that about 170 A.D. King Lucius built the first Christian church, and that in later years St. Peter came in the spirit from Rome to bless the place. So much for legend. It is known, however that a Saxon monarch built a church there and that about 1050 A.D. Edward the Confessor began the erection of the present magnificent abbey, which successive Kings of England expanded into its present form during the centuries. Its most modern portion, the two western towers, was not completed until 1740.

Entering its northern doorway the visitor finds himself in the transept and presently in the nave, which, nearly 500 feet long, is flanked by mighty pillars soaring overhead in an exquisitely groined roof of stone, 102 feet above the floor. Through stained glass windows the yellow sunlight of old London filters faintly into the church whose annals tell not only England's "rough is and story," but the story of the British Empire. Here in the church as it then stood was anointed the Confessor whose tomb stands behind the high altar. Here William the Conqueror was crowned on Christmas Day, 1066, when, the cheers from his unwilling Saxon subjects in the Abbey, causing the Norman soldiers outside to think that trouble had arisen, the Normans set fire to the surrounding buildings. Here, in fact, every subsequent British monarch, with the exception of Edward V. has been crowned, and most of them lie buried. Ere long, the present Prince of Wales may sit in the big arm chair made for Edward I. in 1297, and holding the two-handled sword and shield of that old Plantagenet, prepare to receive upon his brow the diadem of empire at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. An exact replica of the chair, be it said, stands in the J. Ross Robertson historical collection in the Public Library, College street, Toronto.

Canada has many links with Westminster Abbey, says the Toronto Telegram. Its first association with it was Wolfe's monument. On that memorial, after the singing of "The Maple Leaf" and other anthems, on 30th June, 1922, the colors of a Canadian regiment were placed. It must not be forgotten, too, that in 1893 a memorial service was held at Westminster for Sir John A. Macdonald.

Canadians attired in court dress—the men in knee breeches, silk stockings, tall coats, and carrying cocked hats and swords, and the ladies in wonderful dresses and wearing ostrich feathers in their hair—have sat near the peers and peeresses in robes and coronets at the last two coronations. During the war many Canadians went there to worship. In this connection we recall the service held to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Confederation, in July, 1917. Those were dark days, with the submarine menace at its worst and Britain feeling the pinch of food shortage. The King and Queen attended in person and "The Maple Leaf" rang joyously through the great cathedral spaces which, in mediaeval times, had heard the chanting of the mass.

Magnificent tombs of early kings, allegorical groups of statuary, marble figures and inscribed tablets fairly jostle each other in the abbey today. Hardly a spot in the ancient building lacks some memorial to the dead. Even the floor is dotted with carven epitaphs and with brass plates. Mary, Queen of Scots, lies here, and her luckless grandson, Charles I. Henry V., "the hero king," victor of Agincourt, dying in France, was brought hither in 1422, and after a ten weeks procession in state through Paris, Boulogne and London, was laid to rest amid great ceremony. Hard by lies another warrior shaln in France nearly 400 years later—the Unknown Soldier—buried with far greater honors.

Though St. Paul's holds Nelson, Wellington and other great men, the abbey is richer in its tributes to the mighty. Soldiers, statesmen, scientists, writers, philanthropists, are commemorated in its dim aisles, and the nation's bards in the sacred Poets' Corner. To-day none but those of highest merit may gain sepulture in the abbey, but such was not always the case. Even a century ago the relatives of nonentities were able to erect memorials in the Confessor's hoary church. The visitor is amazed at the number of mediocre and even unknown people who are sometimes honored with pretentious monuments. Obviously these monuments cannot be removed. Enlargement seems the sole remedy but any alteration which might injure the architectural beauty of the nation's holy of holies would be deplorable.

Jellyfish a Favorite.

Jellyfish, which used to be eaten in Cornwall, England, are regarded as a tasty dish in Japan and the islands of the Inland Sea.

Cost of Education.

London spends over sixty million dollars annually on education.

ANCIENT WINE FESTIVAL

Vienna Welcomes the Wine In a Colorful Time of Old-Age Ceremony and Song.

Welcoming in the wine is, in Vienna, Austria, a colorful time of old-age ceremony and song, writes D. Norton in the London Chronicle.

Most parties set out at night from the Rue de la Paix glitter of the Karntnerstrasse and wind their way by the streets through a city of almost too many noble buildings, fine parks, ceaseless motor-horns, and the infinite houses in which Beethoven wrote at least one sonata.

The road mounts the hill leading to the Wienerwald mainly, and right up, to give all travellers the fairyland view of Vienna stretched as a carpet of lights beneath. It is an amazing vista of glittering pinholes in the dusky silk fabric of the night, with the big wheel on the Prater uttering its eternal O or wonder over it.

Then the slopes of the hill are small, loose-limbed vineyard villages —suburbs, rather, now—with many cars in each straggling platz. The cars are grouped before buildings that have "ausg'steckt," that is, "stuck out," a bundle of fresh fir branches over their deep gateways.

One fir branch is the sign that the "Heurigen" (this year's vintage) is in and Vienna is thereby called upon to sample it in a manner peculiarly its own.

Through the deep gate is the wine garden, rough tables set under and amid the greenery of trellised vines. On these tables are water-bottle flasks of new white wine and rough tumblers. No cooking is done at these inns, which are, or are supposed to be, the houses of the wine-growers, and the hungry are expected to bring their own food.

Under the lacework of vines and in the soft air the guests sit and chat and eat and drink—and listen to the music. Particularly listen to the music, the Hungarian music is a jewel in the Viennese crown.

If one has chosen well one has come to a place where there is a real Vienna "Zerzar!"—that is, an orchestra made up of accordion, double-necked guitar, and violin. This will play old airs and gypsy music, not, perhaps, with the wild fire of Hungary, but strange and bizarre and seductive enough. Mainly, however, the musicians are there to support the singers.

There are also three of these; two lean ones and a fat one, who is there to make it plain to those lacking German that the songs are funny. They wander from table to table, the instrumentalists emotionless under even the wildest music, while the three vocalists loose songs in high, hard, semi-alto voices, through unsmilingly subtle smiles. Ever and anon the fat one has a solo.

He really is a natural comedian of high order, that fat one, and the English would have, at first, felt a natural embarrassment at having performers standing over them and singing down their collars, soon began to grin at the india-rubber grimaces that can convey humor even across the language bar.

The Viennese and the Germans have neither embarrassment nor lack of understanding. They rock with laughter and arrive with presents of cigarettes, wine, applause and the even more potent five schilling note, to keep the musicians at their table. It is an honor at the Heurigen to have the musicians devote themselves to one's party.

Songs are demanded—grave, gay, old and modern, and vocalists and musicians slide into these at once, needing no music.

They will even, when German is exhausted, venture on English songs for the English visitors — "Home, Sweet Home," or something that goes "Alonza, aonza wey to Tipparaee."

So with singing, drinking and even dancing, the night deepens into the small hours, and in time one returns downhill to the magic carpet of fairylights that is Vienna, the rites of Heurigen duly honored.

Pelting the Bride.

The throwing of rice as the happy couple who have just been married emerge from the church, or set out on their honeymoon journey, has almost given way to the throwing of the more harmless confetti. The custom of throwing rice probably came from the East, where rice is the stable food and where plenty of rice means comfort and prosperity. Thus, to throw rice means: "May you never lack a good meal!" or, in other words, "May your married life be prosperous!"

The Romans used to scatter corn in a bride's path, and in Poland the neighbors throw handfuls of wheat, barley, oats, or even beans, at the bride's door.

In Italy nuts take the place of cereals, and one can imagine that the Italian urchins are very happy in the picking them up, just as German children, in country places, pick up the cakes and tiny buns flung from cottage windows at a passing bride.

Monkey's Fishing Rod.

The following "monkey" story is contained in a report from the Federated Malay States:—

"The damage done by monkeys to mangrove seedlings is in part atoned for by the destruction wrought by them among the crabs—which also damage seedlings.

"Mr. Godfrey reports that it is a common sight to see a monkey hooking crabs out of their holes with its hands or angling for them with its tail. Having caught a crab, the monkey takes it to the water's edge, breaks and washes it, and then eats it.

"On one occasion, on a rising tide, he found a drowning monkey with its tail down a hole. The crab was a big one, and had caught the monkey."

The Black Bag

(Continued from page 3)

she laughed provokingly—"it was so funny, Philip. I don't know why I ran when you told me to, but I did. And while I ran I was conscious of the front door here opening and this tall man in the flowered dressing gown coming down to the gate as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world for him to stroll out dressed that way in the evening. And he opened the gate and bowed and said, ever so pleasantly, 'Won't you come in, Miss Calendar?'"

"He did!" exclaimed Kirkwood. "But how"—

"How can I say?" she expostulated. "At all events, he seemed to know me, and when he added something about calling you in, too—he said 'Mr. Kirkwood'—I didn't hesitate."

"It's strange enough, surely, and fortunate. Bless his heart!" said Kirkwood.

And "Hum!" said Mr. Brentwick considerately, entering the study. He had discarded the dressing gown and was now in evening dress.

The girl rose. Kirkwood turned. "Mr. Brentwick"— he began.

But Brentwick begged his patience with an eloquent gesture and rang the bell.

A soft footed butler, impassive as Fate, materialised mysteriously in the doorway.

"You rang, sir?" he interrupted frigidly.

"If any one should ask for me I'm not at home."

"Very good, sir."

"And if you should see a pair of disreputable scoundrels skulking in the neighborhood, one short and stout, the other tall and evidently a seafaring man, let me know."

"That is all, sir." A moment later the front door was heard to close.

Brentwick turned with a little bow to the girl. "My dear Miss Calendar," he said, "I ask this, I hope, in haste—I am old enough, I trust, to call you such without offense—please be seated."

"Would you mind telling us how you knew"— began Kirkwood anxiously.

"Not in the least, my dear Philip. It is simple enough. I possess an imagination. From my bedroom window, on the door above, I happen to behold two cabs racing down the street, the one doggedly pursuing the other. The foremost stops, perforce of a fagged horse. There alights a young gentleman looking, if you'll pardon me, uncommonly seedy. He is followed by a young lady, if she will pardon me," with another little bow, "uncommonly pretty."

Brentwick removed his glasses, rubbed them and blinked thoughtfully at the girl. "My dear," he said suddenly, with a peculiar tremor in his voice, "you resemble your mother remarkably. Tut—I should know! Three years when I was one of her most ardent admirers."

"You—you knew my mother?" cried Dorothy, profoundly moved.

"Did I not know you at sight? My dear, you are your mother reincarnate for the good of an unworthy world. She was a very beautiful woman, my dear."

"But you will tell me"—

"A number of interesting things, Miss Calendar, if you'll be good enough to let me choose the time. I beg you to be patient with the idiosyncrasies of an old man who means no harm, who has a reputation as an eccentric to sustain before his servants. And now," said Brentwick—"now, my dear boy, for the adventure."

Kirkwood chuckled, infected by his host's genial humor. "How do you know"—

"How can it be otherwise?" countered Brentwick, with a trace of asperity. "Am I to be denied my adventure? Sir, I refuse without equivocation. Your very bearing breathes of romance. There must be an adventure forthcoming, pity otherwise my disappointment will be so acute that I shall be regretfully obliged seriously to consider my right as a householder to show you the door."

"But, Mr. Brentwick"—

"Sit down, sir!" commanded Brentwick, with such a peremptory note that the young man, who had risen, obeyed with a sheer surprise, upon which his host advanced, laid hands on him with a long white forefinger. "Would you, sir," he demanded, "again expose this little lady to the machinations of that unspeakable scoundrel whom I have just had the pleasure of shooing off my premises because you choose to resent an old man's raillery?"

"I apologize," Kirkwood humored him.

"I accept the apology in the spirit in which it is offered. I repeat, now for the adventure, Philip. If the story's long, we've plenty of time to consider details more at our leisure."

Kirkwood's eyes consulted the girl's face. Almost imperceptibly she nodded him permission to proceed.

"Briefly, then," he began haltingly, "the man who followed us to the door here is Miss Calendar's father."

"Oh! His name, please?"

"George Burgoyne Calendar."

"Ah, a American! I remember now. Continue, please."

"He is hounding us, sir, with the intention of stealing some property, which he caused to be stolen, which we, to put it bluntly, stole from him, to which he has no shadow of a title and which finally we're endeavoring to return to its owners."

"But why have you not caused his arrest?" Brentwick inquired.

Kirkwood nodded meaningly toward the girl. Brentwick made a sound indicating comprehension, a click of the tongue behind closed teeth.

"We came to your door by the merest accident—it might as well have been another. I understood you were in Munich and it never entered my head that we'd find you home."

"A communication from my solicitors detained me," explained Brentwick. "And, now, what do you intend to do?"

"Trespass as far on your kindness as you'll permit. In the first place, I—I want the use of a few pounds with which to cable some friends in New York for money, on receipt of which I can repay you."

"Philip," observed Brentwood, "you are a most irritating child. But I forgive you the faults of youth. You may proceed, bearing in mind, if you please, that I am your friend equally with any you may own in America."

"You're one of the best men in the world," said Kirkwood.

"H'm, tut! Will you get on?"

"Secondly, I want you to help us to escape Calendar tonight. It is necessary that Miss Calendar should go to Chiltern this evening, where she has friends who will receive and protect her."

"Mmm," grumbled their host, meditative. "My faith!" he commented, with brightening eyes, "it sounds almost too good to be true! And I've been growing afraid that the world was getting to be a most humdrum and uninteresting planet. Miss Calendar, I am a widower of so many years' standing that I had almost forgotten I had ever been anything but a bachelor. I fear my house contains little that will be of service to a young lady. Yet a room is at your disposal. The parlor maid shall show you the way. And, Philip, between you and me, I venture to remark that hot water and cold steel would add to the attractiveness of your personal appearance. My valet will attend you in my room. Dinner," concluded Brentwick, with anticipative relish, "will be served in precisely thirty minutes. I shall expect you to entertain me with a full and itemized account of every phase of your astonishing adventure. Later we will find a way to Chiltern."

Again he put a hand upon the bell pull. Simultaneously Dorothy and Kirkwood rose.

"Mr. Brentwick," said the girl, her eyes starred with tears of gratitude, "I don't, I really don't know how"—

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "you will thank me most appropriately by continuing, to the best of your ability, to resemble your mother more remarkably every minute."

"But I"— began Kirkwood.

"You, my dear Philip, can thank me best by permitting me to enjoy myself, which I am doing hugely immediately at present moment. And," he added as a maid appeared at the door, "I have already schemed me a scheme for the discomfiture of our enemies, a simple scheme which we will discuss with our dinner while the heathen rage and imagine a vain thing in the outer darkness."

Kirkwood would have lingered, but of such inflexible temper was his host that he bowed him into the hands of a manservant without permitting him another word.

"Not a syllable," he insisted. "I protest I am devoured with curiosity, my dear boy, but I have also bowels of compassion. When we are well on with our meal, when you are strength ened with food and drink, then you may begin. But now—Dickle," to the valet, "do your duty."

He heard the young man's footsteps diminish on the stairway, and again he smiled the indulgent, reminiscent smile of mellow years. "Youth!" he whispered softly. "Romance! And now," with a brisk change of tone as he closed the study door—"now we are ready for this interesting Mr. Calendar."

A suspicion of moisture glimmered in his eyes. "Dorothy!" he whispered huskily, and a little later, rising, he proceeded to the telephone.

An hour and a half later Kirkwood, his self respect something restored by a bath, a shave and a resumption of clothes which had been hastily but thoroughly cleaned and pressed by Brentwick's valet, his confidence and courage mounting high under the combined influence of generous wine, substantial food, the attentions to his heart's mistress and the admiration which was unconcealed—of his friend, concluded at the dinner table his narration.

"And that," he said, looking up from his savory, "is about all."

"Bravo!" applauded Brentwick, eyes shining with delight.

"All," interposed Dorothy in warm reproof, "but what he hasn't told"—

"Which, my dear, is to be accounted for wholly by a very creditable modesty rarely encountered in the young men of the present day. It was, of course, altogether different with those of my younger years. Yes, Wotton?"

Brentwick sat back in his chair, inclining an attentive ear to a communication murmured by the butler.

Coffee was set before them by Wotton, the impassive, Brentwick refusing it, with a little sigh. "By the way," he said, "while you were preparing dinner I took the liberty of making a constitutional with the news that, leaving the corpulent person on watch at the corner, Captain Stryker had temporarily made himself scarce. However, we need feel no uneasiness concerning his whereabouts, for he reappeared in good time and a motor car, from which it becomes evident that you

The fiasco of the cab chase is not to be re-enacted."

Resolutely the girl repressed a gasp of dismay. Kirkwood stared moodily into his cup.

"These men bore me fearfully," he commented at last.

"And so," continued Brentwick, "I bethought me of a counterstroke. It is my good fortune to have a friend whose whim it is to support a touring car chiefly in innocuous idleness. Accordingly I have telephoned him and commandeered the use of this machine—a limousine, too. Though no betting man, I am willing to risk recklessly a few pence in support of my contention that of the two, Captain Stryker's car and ours, the latter will prove considerably the more speedy.

"In short, I suggest," he concluded, thoughtfully lacing his long white fingers, "that, avoiding the hazards of cab and railway carriage, we motor to Chiltern, the night being fine and the road, I am told, exceptionally good. Miss Dorothy, what do you think?"

Instinctively the girl looked to Kirkwood, then shifted her glance to her host. "I think you are wonderfully thoughtful and kind," she said simply.

"And you, Philip?"

"It's an inspiration," the younger man declared. "I can't think of anything better calculated to throw them off than to distance them by motor car. It would be always possible to trace our journey by rail."

"Then," announced Brentwick, making as if to rise, "we had best go. If neither my bearing nor Captain Stryker's car deceives me, our fiery chariot

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is panting at the door."

A little sobered from the confident spirit of quiet gayety in which they had dined, they left the table. Not that in their hearts either greatly questioned their ultimate triumph, but they were allowing for the element of error so apt to set at nought human calculations. Calendar blind. If had already been proved fallible. Within the bounds of possibility their turn to stumble might now be imminent.

When he let himself dwell upon it their utter helplessness to give Calendar pause by commonplace methods maddened Kirkwood. With another scoundrel it had been so simple a matter to put a period to his activities by a word to the police. But he was her father. For that reason he must continually be spared. Even though, in desperate extremity, she should give consent to the arrest of the adventurers, retaliation would follow swift and sure, for they might not overlook or gloze the fact that hers had been the hands responsible for the theft of the jewels. Innocent though she had been in committing that larceny, a catspaw guided by an intelligence unscrupulous and malign, the law would not hold her guiltless were she once brought within its cognizance, not possibly would the Hallams, mother and son.

Before the door a motor car waited, engines humming impatiently, mechanician ready in his seat, an uncouth shape in goggles and leather garments that shone like oilskins under the street lights.

At one corner another and a smaller car stood in waiting, its lamps like baleful eyes glaring through the night.

In the shadows across the way a lengthy shadow lurked—Stryker, beyond reasonable question. Otherwise the street was deserted. Not even that adventitious bobby of the early evening was now in evidence.

Dorothy presently joining them, Brentwick led the way to the door.

Kirkwood to the right, Brentwick to the left of Dorothy, the former carrying the treasure bag, they hastened down the walk and through the gate to the car.

The watcher across the way was moved to whistle shrilly. The other car lunged forward nervously.

Brentwick, taking the front seat beside the mechanician, left the consent to Kirkwood and Dorothy. As the American slammed the door the car swept smoothly out into the middle of the way, while the pursuing car swerved in to the other curb, slowing down to let Stryker jump aboard.

Kirkwood put himself in the seat by the girl's side and for a few moments was occupied with the arrangement of the robes. Then, sitting back, he found her eyes fixed upon him, pools of inscrutable night in the shadow of her hat.

"You aren't afraid, Dorothy?"

She answered quietly, "I am with you, Philip."

CHAPTER XXX.

At a steady gait, now and again checked in deference to the street traffic, Brentwick's motor car rolled, with resonant humming of the engine, down the Cromwell road, swerved into Warwick road and swung northward through Kensington to Shepherd's Bush. Behind it Calendar's car clung as if towed by an invisible cable, never gaining, never losing.

To some extent he reckoned without his motor car. As long as they travelled within the metropolitan limits, constrained to observe a decorous pace in view of the prejudices of the county council, it was a matter of no difficulty whatever to maintain his distance. But once they had won through Shepherd's Bush and, paced by huge double dock trolley trams, were flying through Hammersmith on the Uxbridge road—once they had run through Acton and knew beyond dispute that now they were without the city boundaries—then the complexion of the business was suddenly changed.

Not too soon for honest sport. Calendar was to have (Kirkwood would have said in lurid American idiom) a run for his money. The scattered lights of Southall were winking out behind them before Brentwick chose to give the word to the mechanician.

Quietly the latter threw in the clutch for the third speed and the fourth. The car leaped forward like a startled race horse. The motor lifted merrily into its deep throated song of the open road, its contented, silken humming passing into a sonorous and sustained roar.

Kirkwood and the girl were first jarred violently forward, then thrown together. She caught his arm to steady herself. It seemed the most natural thing imaginable that he should take her hand and pass it beneath his arm, holding her so, his fingers closed above her own before they had recovered or had time to catch their breath a mile of Middlesex had dropped to the rear.

Not quite so far had they distanced Calendar's trailing Nemesis of the four glaring eyes. In pursuit it clung, not a gallant effort to hold their place. At intervals during the first few minutes a heavy roaring and crashing could be heard behind them. Gradually it subsided, dying on the wings of the free rushing wind that buffeted their faces as mile after mile was reeled off and the wide, darkling English countryside opened out before them, sweet and wonderful.

Once Kirkwood looked back. In the winking of an eye he saw four faded disks of light, pallid with despair, so it distant rise and glide down into darkness. When he turned Dorothy was interrogating him with eyes whose melting, shadowed loveliness, revealed to him in the light of the fair, still stars, seemed to incite him to that madness which he had bade himself resist with all his strength.

He shook his head as if to say, "They cannot catch us."

His hour was not yet. Time enough to think of love and marriage (as if he were capable of consecutive thought on any other subject—time enough to think of them when he had gone back to his place, or, rather, when he should have found it, in the ranks of breadwinners and so have proved his right to unreal happiness; time enough then to lay whatever he might have to offer at her feet. Now he could conceive of no baser treachery to his soul's destiny than to advantage himself of her gratitude.

Perhaps she guessed a little of the fortunes of the battle that was being waged within him—perhaps not. Whatever the trend of her thoughts she did not draw away from him. Presently the silken lashes drooped, fluttering upon her cheeks. The tired and happy smile hovered about her lips. In something less than half an hour of this wild driving Kirkwood roused out of his reverie sufficiently to become sensible that the speed was slackening. Incoherent snatches of sentences, fragments of words and phrases spoken by Brentwick and the mechanician, were flung back past his ears by the rushing wind. Shielding his eyes, he could see dimly that the mechanician was tinkering (apparently) with the driving gear. Then, their pace continuing steadily to abate, he heard Brentwick ring at the man a

Mile after mile was reeled off.

sharp toned and querulously impatient question, "What is the trouble?" His reply came in a single word, not distinguishable.

The girl sat up, opening her eyes, disengaging her arm.

Kirkwood bent forward and touched Brentwick on the shoulder. The latter turned to him a face lined with deep concern.

"Trouble," he announced superfluously. "I fear we have blundered."

"What is it?" asked Dorothy in a troubled voice.

"Petrol seems to be running low, Charles here"—he referred to the mechanician—"says the tank must be leaking. We'll go on as best we can and try to find an inn. Fortunately most of the inns nowadays keep supplies of petrol for just such emergencies."

"Are we—do you think"—

"Oh, no; not a bit of danger of that," returned Brentwick hastily. "They'll not catch up with us this night. That is a very inferior car they have—so Charles says, at least—nothing to compare with this. If I'm not in error, there's the Crown and Mitre ahead. We'll make it, fill our tanks and be off again before they can make up half their loss."

Dorothy looked anxiously to Kirkwood, her lips forming an unuttered query. What did he think?

"Don't worry. We'll have no trouble," he reassured her stoutly. "The chauffeur knows undoubtedly."

None the less he was moved to stand up in the tonneau, conscious of the presence of the traveling bag, snug between his feet, as well as of the weight of Calendar's revolver in his pocket, while he stared back along the road.

There was nothing to be seen of their persecutors.

The car continued to crawl. Five minutes dragged tediously. Gradually they drew abreast a tavern standing back a distance from the road. Sluggishly the car rolled up before it and came to a dead and silent halt. Charles, the mechanician, jumping down, ran hastily up the path toward the inn. In the car Brentwick turned again, his eyes curiously bright in the starlight, his forehead quaintly furrowed, his voice apologetic.

"It may take a few minutes," he said undecidedly, plainly endeavoring to cover up his own dark doubts. "My dear," to the girl, "if I have brought trouble upon you in this wise I shall never earn my own forgiveness."

"As if you could be blamed!" protested the girl. "You mustn't think of it that way. Fancy, what should we have done without you?"

"I'm afraid I have been very clumsy," sighed Brentwick, "clumpy and impulsive. Kirkwood, do you hear anything?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Perhaps," suggested Brentwick a little later—"perhaps we had better alight and go up to the inn. It would be more cozy there, especially if the petrol proves hard to obtain and we have long to wait."

"I should like that," assented the girl decidedly.

Kirkwood nodded his approval, opened the door and jumped out to assist her, then picked up the bag and followed the pair, Brentwick leading the way with Dorothy on his arm.

At the doorway of the Crown and Miter Charles met them, evidently seriously disturbed. "No petrol to be had, sir," he announced reluctantly, "but the landlord will send to the next inn, a mile up the road, for some. You will have to be patient, I'm afraid, sir."

"Very well. Get some one to help you push the car in from the road," ordered Brentwick. "We will be waiting in one of the private parlors."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." The mechanician touched the visor of his cap and hurried off.

"Come, Kirkwood." Gently Brentwick drew the girl in with him, Kirkwood close checked and beaming landlady met him in the corridor and, all bows and smiles, ushered him into a private parlor reserved for the party. Immediately through with this, she made flurry to secure refreshments desired by Brentwick.

The girl had seated herself on one end of an extremely comfortless looking sofa and essayed a palpable effort to seem at ease. Brentwick stood at one of the windows, shoulders rounded and head bent, hands clasped behind his back as he peered into the night. Kirkwood dropped the traveling bag beneath a chair the farthest removed from the doorway, and took to pacing the floor.

In a corner of the room a tall grandfather clock ticked off ten interminable minutes. For some reason unconscionably delaying, the landlady did not reappear. Brentwick, abruptly turning from the window, remarked in the fat querulously, then drew a chair up to a marble topped table in the middle of the floor.

"My dear," he requested the girl, "will you please sit sitting over here? And, Philip, bring up a chair, if you will. We must not permit ourselves to worry, and I have something here which may perhaps engage your interest for a while."

To humor him and alleviate his evident distress of mind they acceded. Kirkwood found himself seated opposite Dorothy. Suddenly Charles burst unceremoniously in, leaving the door wide open.

"Mr. Brentwick, sir," he cried gustily, "that other car"—

With a smothered ejaculation Kirkwood leaped to his feet, tugging at the weapon in his pocket. In another instant he had the revolver exposed. The girl's cry of alarm, interrupting the mechanician, fixed Brentwick's attention on the young man. He, too, stood up, reaching over very quickly to clamp strong, supple fingers round Kirkwood's wrist, while with the other hand he laid hold of the revolver and by a single twist wrenched it away.

Kirkwood turned upon him in fury. "So," he cried, shaking with passion, "this is what your hospitality means! You're going to"—

"My dear young friend," interrupted Brentwick, with a dash of impatience, "remember that if I had designed to betray you I could have asked no better opportunity than when you were my guest under my own roof."

"But—hang it all, Brentwick," expostulated Kirkwood, ashamed and contrite, but worked upon by desperate apprehension, "I didn't mean that, but"—

"Would you have bullets flying when she is near?" demanded Brentwick scathingly. Hastily he slipped the revolver into a little shelf beneath the table top. "Sir," he informed Kirkwood with some heat, "I love you as my own son, but you're a young fool, as I have been in my time and as I would to heaven I might be again! Be advised, Philip—be calm. Can't you see it's the only way to save your treasure?"

"Hang the jewels!" retorted Kirkwood wrathfully. "What"—

"Sir, who said anything about the jewels?"

As Brentwick spoke Calendar's corpulent figure filled the doorway; Stryker's scarlet, weather worn features loomed over his shoulder, distorted in a cheerful leer.

"As to the jewels," announced the fat adventurer, "I've got a word to say, if you put it to me that way."

He paused on the threshold, partly for dramatic effect, partly for his own satisfaction. In his hand a revolver appeared, poised for immediate use if there were need.

There was none. Brentwick, at his primal appearance, had dropped a peremptory hand on Kirkwood's shoulder, forcing the young man back to his seat. At the same time he resumed his own. The girl had not stirred from hers since the first alarm. She sat as if transfixed with terror, leaning forward with her elbows on the table, her hands tightly clasped, her face, a little blanched, turned to the door. But her scarlet lips were set and firm with inflexible purpose, and her brown eyes met Calendar's with a look level and unflinching. Beyond doubt she also had seen recognition.

Nearest of the four to the adventurers was Charles, the mechanician, paused in affrighted astonishment at sight of the revolver. Calendar, choosing to advance suddenly, poked the muzzle of the weapon jocularly in the man's ribs. "Beat it, Four Eyes!" he snapped. "This is your cue to duck! Get out of my way!"

The mechanician jumped as if shot, then hastily retreated to the table, his sallow features working beneath the goggle mask which had excited the fat adventurer's scorn.

"Come right in, cap'n," Calendar threw over one shoulder. "Come in, shut the door and lock it. Let's all be sociable and have a nice quiet time."

Stryker obeyed, with a derisive grimace for Kirkwood.

Calendar, advancing jauntily to a point within a yard of the table, stopped, smiling affably down upon his prospective victims and airily twirling his revolver.

"Good evening, all," he saluted them blandly. "Dorothy, my child," with assumed concern, "you're looking a trifle upset. I'm afraid you've been keeping late hours. Little girls must be careful, you know, or they lose the bloom of youth in their cheeks. Mr. Kirkwood, it's a pleasure to meet you again. Permit me to paraphrase your most sound advice and remind you that pistol shots are apt to attract undesirable attention. It wouldn't be wise for you to bring the police about our ears. I believe that in substance such was your sapient counsel to me in the cabin of the Aleinos, was it not? And you, sir," fixing Brentwick with a cold, unfriendly eye, "you, animated fossil, what might your name be?"

"It might be Brentwick," said that gentleman quietly.

"Brentwick, eh? Well, I like a man of spirit. But permit me to advise you"—

"Gladly," nodded Brentwick.

"Eh? Don't come a second time between father and daughter. Another man might not be as patient as I, Mr. Brentwick. There's a law in the land, if you don't happen to know it."

"I congratulate you on your success in evading it," observed Brentwick, undisturbed. "And it was considerate of you not to employ it in this instance." Then, with a sharp change of tone, "Come, sir!" he demanded. "You have unwarrantably intruded in this room, which I have engaged for my private use. Get through with your business and be off with you."

"All in good time, my antediluvian friend. When I've wound up my business here I'll go—not before. But just to oblige you we'll get down to it. Kirkwood, you have a revolver of mine. Be good enough to return it."

"I have it here, under the table," interrupted Brentwick suavely. "Shall I hand it to you?"

"By the muzzle, if you please. I'm very careful. This one's loaded, too—apt to explode any minute."

To Kirkwood's intense disgust Brentwick quietly slipped one hand beneath the table and, placing the revolver on its top, delicately with his finger tips shoved it toward the farther edge. With a grunt of approval Calendar swept the weapon up and into his pocket.

"Any more ordnance?" he inquired briskly, eyes moving alertly from face to face. "No matter. You wouldn't dare use 'em anyway. And I'm about done. Dorothy, my dear, it's high time you returned to your father's protection. Where's that gladstone bag?"

"In my traveling bag," the girl told him in a toneless voice.

"Then you may bring it along. You may also say good night to the kind gentlemen."

(Continued on page 7)

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E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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1. The jagged peak of Mount Stanley Baldwin. 2. Mount Sir Mackenzie Bowell, a pleasant-faced peak of the Premier Group.
3. Mount Sir Wilfrid Laurier, 11,750 feet. 4. Mount Sir John Abbott, unaccompanied peak of the Premier Group in the Canadian Rockies, 11,250 feet high. 5. Mount Sir John Thompson with its rugged ice sentinels—Photographs by D. Munday.

Fitting monuments to four former Prime Ministers of Canada and a memento of the visit of the present British Premier, Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, have been set aside in the Rocky Mountains of Canada where a series of peaks have been officially named the Premier Group, and five of them have been named respectively, Mount Stanley Baldwin; Mt. Sir Wilfrid Laurier; Mt. Sir Mackenzie Bowell; Mt. Sir John Thompson and Mt. Sir John Abbott. The naming of a mountain after Premier Baldwin in honor of his visit to Canada during the Diamond Jubilee year of Confederation was considered a fitting mark of the Dominion's esteem for him.

These mountains lie within the territory skirted by the famous Triangle Tour of the Canadian National Railways, and to the westward of Mount Robson, highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. The peaks, several of which are snowclad, lie about ten miles south of the railway line which runs from Red Pass Junction to Prince Rupert and about ten miles westward of the Canadian National line to Vancouver. Their peaks can easily be seen by tourists travelling on either route to the Pacific Coast. A dozen or more peaks stretch across a territory which extends from the western boundary of Mount Robson Park westward and south to terminate in the foothills of the Cariboo country.

Mount Sir Wilfrid Laurier is one of the most picturesque of the group, rearing its peak 11,750 feet into the clouds. Mt. Sir John Thompson has an altitude of 11,250 feet, and Mt. Sir John Abbott the same. Mt. Mackenzie Bowell is 11,000 feet in altitude. Slightly eastward and nearer the Vancouver line of the Canadian National stands Mt. Stanley Baldwin, which is visible from the station of Jackman.

While these mountains have not been surveyed officially, several of them have been climbed, the most recent ascents having been made by Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday of Vancouver.

Here and There

Preliminary figures indicate that mining production in British Columbia this year will exceed all previous records, although prices will be somewhat below those of 1926, when a total of $67,000,000 was recorded.

Tobacco growing in the Kelowna district, B.C., has been so successful this year that the acreage will probably be increased to 1,000 next season. The present crop is now safely harvested and cured.

Not since 1917 has the Nova Scotia mining industry enjoyed so prosperous a season. During the fiscal year ending September, approximately 6,640,000 tons of coal were produced in the province against approximately 5,000,000 for the same period of last year.

The biggest shipment of live foxes to leave North America for the European market since the industry has been developed left Charlottetown in a consignment of 1,000, bound for Norway, via Halifax. These animals are valued at from $500 to $1,500 a pair, and the entire shipment is valued at approximately half a million dollars.

Her Grace the Duchess of Atholl, prominent British peeress and parliamentarian, was the central figure recently at the launching on the Clyde, Scotland, of the first of the four new Canadian Pacific "Duchess" ships—the 20,000-ton passenger liner "Duchess of Atholl." These vessels will go into the Canadian Pacific Atlantic passenger service.

The elaborate figurehead of the "Empress of Japan," the first trans-Pacific liner on the Canadian Pacific, has been mounted in Stanley Park, Vancouver. The "Empress of Japan" was a clipper type steamer and the largest and fastest vessel navigating the Pacific. The figurehead was presented to the Vancouver Parks Board as a historic relic of that great port.

A special train of six cars carrying pure bred swine and sheep for exhibition and instruction purposes is now travelling through Southern Saskatchewan over the Canadian Pacific Railway. The stock is supplied by the Provincial Department of Agriculture, the Dominion Live-stock Branch, Stockyard Companies, Packers and Breeders — all high-class stock. Lectures dealing with the breeding, feeding and management of sheep and swine are given by experts.

Through the auspices of the Canada Colonization Association 2,729 families, consisting of 2,799 persons, were settled in Canada on 130,928 acres of land from January 1st to October 31st. The settlement of these families was personally supervised by officials of the Association, who completed the contracts, inspected the lands and closed transactions. It is expected that 100 additional families will be settled before the end of the year. Since its start, the Canada Colonization Association (a subsidiary of the Department of Colonization and Development, Canadian Pacific Railway), has settled 2,227 families on 554,189 acres and there are still settlement opportunities on 296,500 acres for 1,164 families. The percentage of success in these settlements is unusually high, being 90 per cent. in Alberta and 99.80 in Saskatchewan.

The Black Bag

(Continued from page 6)

beaming benignantly over the assembled company.

"Why," he exclaimed, "this moment is worth all it cost me! My children I forgive you freely. Mr. Kirkwood I felicitate you cordially on having secured a most expensive wife. Really, d'you know, I feel as if I ought to do a little something for you both."

The thick, muffled fingers fore-viously at the catch. Eventually he got the bag open. Those about the table bent forward, all quickened by the prospect of for the first time behold ing the treasure over which they had fought, for which they had suffered so long.

A heady and luscious fragrance pervaded the atmosphere, exhaling from the open mouth of the bag. A silence indefinitely sustained, impressed itself upon the little audience—a breathless pause ended eventually by a sharp snap of Calendar's teeth. "Mm-n!" grunted the adventurer in bewilderment. He began to pant.

Abruptly his heavy hands delved into the contents of the bag, like the paws of a terrier digging to earth. To Kirkwood the air seemed temporarily thick with flying objects. Beneath his astonished eyes a towel fell upon the table—a crumpled, soiled towel bearing on its dingy face the inscription in indelible ink, "Hotel du Commerce, Anvers." A tooth mug of substantial earthenware dropped to the floor with a crash. A slimy soap dish of thesame manufacture slid across the table and into Brentwick's lap. A battered alarm clock with never a tick left in its abused carcass rang vacuously as it fell by the open bag. The remainder was—oranges. a dozen or more small, round, golden globes of ripe fruit, perhaps a shade overripe, therefore the more aromatic.

The adventurer flung out an oath. "Muiready?" he raged in fury. "Done up, I swear! Done by that infernal sneak—me, blind as a bat!"

He fell suddenly silent, the blood congesting in his face; as suddenly broke forth again, haranguing the company.

"That's why he went out and bought those oranges, it's! Think of it—me sitting in the hotel in Antwerp and him lugging in oranges by the bagful because he was fond of fruit! When did he do it? How do I know? If I knew, would I be here, and bim the devil knows where this minute? When my back was turned, of course! That's why he was so hot about picking a fight on the boat, eh! Wanted to get rid of me and take to the woods, leaving me with this! And that's why he felt so awful done up he wouldn't take a hand at hunting you two down hey? I'll carry on his trail for the rest of his natural born days! I'll have his eyeteeth for this! I'll"—

He swayed, gibbering with rage, his countenance frightfully contorted, his fat hands shaking as he struggled for expression.

And then, while yet their own astonishment held Dorothy, Kirkwood, Brentwick and Stryker speechless, Charles, the mechanician, moved suddenly upon the adventurer.

There followed two metallic clicks. Calendar's ravings were abrupted as if his tongue had been pinched. He fell took a pasty, flabby jowls pale and shaking, ponderous jaw dropping on his breast, mouth wide and eyes crazed as he shook violently before him his thick, fleshy wrists, securely handcuffed.

Simultaneously the bold mechanician whirled about, bounded fiercely across the floor and caught Stryker at the door, his dexterous fingers twisting in the captain's collar as he jerked him back and tripped him.

"Mr. Kirkwood," he cried, "here, please, one moment! Take this man's gun from him, will you?"

Kirkwood sprang to his assistance and without encountering much resistible succeeded in wresting a revolver from Stryker's limp, flaccid fingers.

Roughly the mechanician shook the man, dragging him to his feet. "Now," he ordered sternly, "you march to that corner, stick your nose in it and be good! You can't get away if you try. I've got other men outside, waiting for you to come out. Understand?"

Trembling like a whipped cur, Stryker meekly obeyed his instructions to the letter.

The mechanician, with a contemptuous laugh, leaving him, strode back to Calendar, meanwhile whipping off his

"Philip, I meant it, every word."

goggles, and clapped a hearty hand upon the adventurer's quaking shoulders.

"Well," he cried, "and are you still sailing circles round the men from Scotland Yard, Simmons or Bellows or Sanderson or Calendar or Drumstone, or whatever name you prefer to call under?"

Calendar glared at him aghast, then moved a profound sigh, shrugged his fat shoulders and beat his head in thought. An instant later he looked up. "You can't do it," he informed the captive vehemently. "You haven't got a shred of evidence against me! That's there? A pile of oranges and a peck of trash! What of it? Besides," he threatened, "if you pinch me you'll have to take the girl in too. I swear that whatever stealing was done she did it. I'll not be trapped this way by her and let her off with not a squeal. Take me—take her, if you dare!"

"I think," put in the clear, bland accents of Brentwick, "we can consider that matter settled. I have here, my dear," nodding to the adventurer as he took up the contents of the valet—"I have here a little matter which may clear up any lingering doubts as to your standing which you may be disposed at present to entertain."

He extracted a slip of cardboard and at arm's length held it on the table edge beneath the adventurer's eyes. The latter, bewildered, bent over it for a moment, breathing heavily, then straightened back, shook himself, laughed shortly with a mirthless note and faced the detective.

"It's come with you, now," I guess?" he suggested very quietly.

"The Bannister warrant is still out for you," returned the man. "That'll be enough to hold you on till extradition papers arrive from the States."

"Oh, I'll waive those, and I won't give you any trouble either, I reckon," mused the adventurer, jingling his manacles thoughtfully. "I'm a back number anyway. When a half grown girl, a half baked boy, a dub like Mulready and a clubfooted snipe from Scotland Yard can put it all over me this way, why, I guess it's up to me to go home and retire to my country place up the Hudson." He sighed wearily. "Yep; time to cut it out. But I would like to be free long enough to get in one good lick at that mutt Mulready. My friend, you get your hands on him, and I'll squeal on him till I'm blue in the face. That's a promise."

"You'll have the chance before long," replied the detective. "We received a telegram from the Amsterdam police late this afternoon, saying they'd picked up Mr. Mulready with a woman named Hallam and were holding them on suspicion. It seems," turning to Brentwick, "they were opening negotiations for the sale of a lot of stones and seemed in such a perilous hurry that the diamond merchant's suspicions were roused. We're sending over for them, Miss Calendar, so you can make your mind easy about your jewels. You'll have them back in a few days."

"Thank you," said the girl with an effort.

"Well," the adventurer delivered his peroration, "I certainly am blamed glad to hear it. Twouldn't 've been a square deal any other way."

Then, with an uncertain nod comprehending the girl, Kirkwood and Brentwick, "So long" he said thickly and turned, with the detective's hand under his arm, and, accompanied by the thoroughly cowed Stryker, waddled out of the room.

Kirkwood, following the exodus, closed the door with elaborate care and slowly, deep in thought, returned to the table.

Brentwick had slipped down in his chair, resting his silvered head upon its back, and was smiling serenely up at the low yellow ceiling. Before him on the table his long white fingers were drumming an inaudible tune. Presently rousing, he caught Kirkwood's eye and smiled sheepishly, like a child caught in innocent mischief.

The young man grinned guiltily. "And you were responsible for all that!" he commented, infinitely amused.

Brentwick nodded, twinkling self satisfaction. "I contrived it all," he said, "I will not deny, too." His smile brightened with reminiscent enjoyment. "Inspiration," he crowed softly —"inspiration, pure and simple. I'd been worrying my wits for fully five minutes before the notion settled in my mind by telling me about the captain's liking of the motor car. Then in a flash I had it. I talked with Charles by telephone—his name is really Charles, by the bye—overcame his conscientious scruples about playing his fish when they were already all but landed and settled the artistic details."

He chuckled delightedly. "It's the instinct," he declared emphatically—"the instinct for adventure. I knew it was in me, latent somewhere, but never till this day did it get the opportunity to assert itself. I am an adventurer—that's what I am! You see, it was essential that they should believe we were frightened and running from them. That way they would be sure to run after us. Why, we might have halted a dozen traps and failed to lure them into my house after that stout scoundrel knew you'd had the chance to tell me the whole yarn. Odd?"

"Weren't you taking chances, you and Charles?" asked Kirkwood curiously.

"Precious few. There was another motor from Scotland Yard trailing Captain Stryker's. If they had run past or turned aside they would have been overhauled in short order."

"What I don't understand," contended Kirkwood, "is how you convinced Calendar that he couldn't get revenge by pressing his charge against Miss Calendar—Dorothy."

"Oh-h!" Mr. Brentwick elevated his fine white eyebrows and sat up briskly. "My dear boy, that was the most delectable dish on the entire menu. I have been reserving it. I don't mind owning, that I might better enjoy my full relish of it. I may answer you best, perhaps, by asking you to scan what I offered to the fa- scoundrel's respectful consideration a few days ago."

He leveled a forefinger at the card.

At first glance it conveyed nothing to the younger man's benighted intelligence. He puzzled over it, twisting his brows and fingering. An oddly nary oblong slip of thin white cardboard, it was engraved in fine script as follows: "Mr. George Burgoyne Calendar, 31 Aspen Villas, S. W."

"Well," exclaimed Kirkwood at length, standing up, his face bright with understanding. "You"—

"I," laconically assented the elder man.

Impulsively Kirkwood leaned across the table. "Dorothy," he said tenderly and when the girl's happy eyes met his quietly drew her attention to the card.

Then he rose hastily and went over to stand by the window, staring misti-ly into the blank face of night beyond its unseen panes.

Behind him there was a confusion of little noises—the scraping of a chair pushed hurriedly aside, a rustle of skirts, a happy sob or two, low voices intermingling—sighs. Out of it finally came the father's accents.

"There, there, my dear, my dearest dear," protested the old gentleman. "Positively I don't deserve a tithe of this." The young old voice quavered and broke in a happy laugh. "You must understand," he continued more soberly, "that no consideration of any sort is due me. When we married I was too old for your mother, child. We both knew it, both believed it would never matter. But it did. By her wish I went back to America. We were to see what separation would do to heal the wounds dissention had caused. It was a very foolish experiment. Your mother died before I could return."

There fell a silence, again broken by the father. "After that I was in no haste to return. But some years ago I came to London to live. I communicated with the old colonel, asking permission to see you. It was refused in a manner which precluded the subject being reopened by me. I was informed that if I persisted in attempting to see you would be disinherited. He was very angry with me—justly, I admit. One must grow old before one can see how unforgiving he was wrong in youth. So I settled down to a quiet old age, determined not to disturb you in your happiness. Ah—Kirkwood?"

The old gentleman was standing, his arm around his daughter's shoulders, when Kirkwood turned.

"Come here, Philip. I'm explaining to Dorothy, but you should hear. The evening I called on you, dear boy, at the Piccadilly rooms, I received a message from my solicitors, whom I had instructed to keep an eye on Dorothy's welfare. They informed me that she had disappeared. Naturally I canceled my plans to go to Munich and stayed, employing detectives. One of the first things they discovered was that Dorothy had run off with an elderly person calling himself George Burgoyne Calendar, the name I had discarded when I found that to set knowledge me would imperil my daughter's fortune. The investigations were proper. Chose, let us continue to call him, had been to see me only this afternoon to inform me of the plot they had discovered. This Hallam woman and her son—it seems that they were illegitimately in the line of inheritance, Dorothy out of the way. But the woman was—ah—a bad lot. Somehow she got into communication with the fat rogue, and together they plotted it out. Calendar was to believe that the Hallam woman expected to enjoy the Burgoyne estates for very many days. Her plan was to step in and take over the property, gather in what she could, realize on it and decamp. That is why there was so much excitement about the jewels—naturally the most valuable item on her list, the only thing to convert to cash. The woman Mulready we do not place. He seems to have been a shady character the fat rogue picked up somewhere. The latter's ordinary line of business was diamond smuggling, though he would condescend to almost anything in order to turn a dishonest penny.

"That seems to exhaust the subject. But one word more, Philip. I am old enough and have suffered enough to know the wisdom of seizing one's happiness when one may. My dear, a little while ago you did a very brave deed. Under the gifts of a most outrageous, womanly, creditable thing. And Philip's rejoinder was only second in nobility to yours. I do hope to goodness that you two blessed youngsters won't destroy addle pated scruples stand between yourselves and—the prize of romance, your inalienable inheritance!"

Majority Brentwick, who was no longer Brentwick, but the actual Calendas released the girl from his embrace and hopped nimbly toward the door. "Really, I must see about that motor!" she cried. "While it's perfectly true that Charles lied about its running out, we must be getting on. I'll call you when we're ready to start."

And the door crashed to behind him.

Between them was the table. Beyond it the girl stood with head erect, dim tears glimmering on the lashes of those eyes with which she met Philip's steady gaze so fearlessly.

Singing about them, the silence deepened. Fascinated, though his heart was faint with longing, Kirkwood fal-tered on the threshold of his kingdom.

"Dorothy! You did mean it, dear?"

She laughed a little, low, sobbing laugh that had its source deep in the hidden sanctuary of her heart of a child.

"I meant it, my dearest. If you'll have a girl so bold and forward, who can't even tell when she's asked, but throws herself into the arms of the man she loves—Philip, I meant it, every word!"

And as he went to her swiftly, round the table, she turned to meet him, arms upflung, her scarlet lips inviting, the brown and bewitching lashes droping over her wondrously lighted eyes.

THE END.

BELLS AND CARILLONS.

Belgium Has a School for Training Carillon Players.

Most of the old cathedrals in England are noted for their peals of bells. Many large town churches possess fine rings of bells, too, and bands of ringers sometimes go from place to place to ring "changes" on the bells, that is, to ring the bells to many different orders. Where there are many bells, the number of possible changes is very large indeed, taking centuries to play.

In ringing changes each ringer has only one bell to look after, the rope of which he pulls in proper time. Sometimes a carillon is played on the bells; this is often done by a clockwork arrangement.

The sets of bells on which tunes are played are called carillons, where a sort of keyboard is required. These are much more frequently met with on the Continent, especially in Belgium, than in England; but they are to be found now in Canada, the United States, India, South Africa, and many other parts of the world. The most important of them have a very large number of bells, which are not played by clockwork, but by a very expert player, who uses both hands and feet like an organist. At Malines, in Belgium, is a school for training carillon players, or "carilloneurs," as they are called, which grants certificates to those who can pass severe tests.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

SWISS STAMPS

Legend of William Tell Interwoven With Postage Stamps—Cantonals Have Alpine Scene Issues.

From time to time I have received inquiries regarding the stamps of Switzerland, and more particularly about the archer which we so often see on stamps of this country, writes Stanley Manda in the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star. In the early days of Swiss postal administration, there were several Cantons or districts and each of these issued stamps for its own use. Zurich and Geneva issued their first stamps in 1843 while Basle did not have postage stamps until 1845. These Cantonal stamps of Switzerland are very rare to-day and the majority of them command prices running into a hundred dollars at least.

In 1850 a Federal issue appeared, uniting all the Cantons as far as postal administration was concerned. The stamps of the Federal administration are very worthy of collecting, they forge a very pretty and interesting group. In addition, a good-sized collection may be accumulated for a small cost. The designs of these stamps do not vary a great deal, these principally being a woman representing Helvetia, the portrait of William Tell and the archer.

The stamps of Switzerland are associated with the legends of William Tell and much of this legend is interwoven with the postage stamps. The archer is supposed to represent William Tell's young son. In his right hand he supports the cross-bow while his father is supposed to have used in his wonderful feat while in his left hand is the apple with an arrow half-way through it.

The legend concerning William Tell is very popular in the country and in many parts it is vouched for as being absolutely true. The legend goes back to the fifteenth century, when Switzerland was under the administration of Austria and very bitter feeling prevailed between the two people.

It appears there was a very tyrannical bailiff by name of Gersler who heard of the Tell's skill with the cross-bow and commanded him to appear before a group of friends to demonstrate his skill. Tell was forced to obey the bailiff's command and after a number of exhibits of his wonderful shooting, the bailiff picked up an apple and placed it on Tell's young son's head commanding him to shoot it. Tell picked up two arrows, placed one in his bow and held the other in his hand. He shot the apple off the boy's head without scratching it and was applauded by onlookers. Tell later remarked that had he killed his son, the arrow which he held in his hand would have ended the bailiff's life.

Tell is supposed to have had a prominent place in the uprisings which finally led to Swiss independence.

The designs of Helvetia may be placed into two classes, one standing and the other in a sitting posture. Helvetia in a sitting posture appeared first and it was not until 1882 that the standing figure was used on the stamps. Later the head and shoulders of Helvetia appeared on some of the various denominations.

In 1911 a set of three stamps commemorating the mountains for which Switzerland is famed was issued. These stamps depicted a different Alpine scene on each denomination. The three values depicted were the Mythen; the five franc showed the Rutli, while the ten franc showed the Jungfrau.

In 1924 a set of three peace stamps were issued, the designs being allegorical figures of peace. In 1924 two stamps showing the seat of the first Universal Postal Union Congress were issued to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the sitting of that body.

Switzerland is well-known among collectors because of its charity stamps or pro-Juventе issues. It is noteworthy to mention that each year before Christmas a pro-Juventе issue makes its appearance. These stamps are sold at values above their face value and the proceeds are given to charitable work.

Gasoline.

Crude petroleum, from which most of our gasoline is obtained by distillation, is an inflammable, oily liquid, which is a complex mixture almost entirely composed of compounds of carbon and hydrogen. It is derived from wells in many countries, and fresh sources are constantly sought, as the demand for the various products of petroleum continually tends to exceed the output of existing oil fields.

A comparatively small quantity of gasoline, known as "casinghead gasoline," is extracted from natural gas, and a limited supply of a somewhat similar liquid, benzol, is obtained from coke-oven gas. Benzol, usually mixed with gasoline, is successfully used in internal combustion engines at points where it is available, and alcohol is occasionally employed in a similar manner; these supplies, however, do not affect the commanding position of crude petroleum as the mainstay of the motor fuel industry.

Measuring a Man's Blood.

Recent tests have shown that when a man gives a pint of blood for a transfusion he parts with more than a fourth of his entire life stream. The average healthy man possesses an amount of blood equal to 4.9 per cent., or about one-twentieth of his total weight; thus, if you weigh 160 pounds, you have about eight pounds of blood—a little less than four quarts.

The quantity of blood was determined by injecting dye into each subject's veins. Then samples of the blood were taken. The extent to which the dye had been diluted showed the amount of blood possessed.

American Tourist Traffic.

A recent report issued by the Secretary of Commerce of the United States Government at Washington estimated the American tourist traffic into Canada as representing $200,-000,000 of the $761,000,000 spent by Americans in foreign countries for the year.

New Scallop Beds.

Two new scallop beds have been discovered off the coast of Nova Scotia, near Digby. It is stated that they are the largest yet discovered in the waters off the coast of this province.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

Believe Ireland Was Inhabited Over 100,000 Years Ago.

A young archaeologist of London has made discoveries which lead him to believe that Ireland was inhabited 100,000 years ago. He bases his belief on recent discoveries he has made in the vicinity of Sligo.

The archaeologist is Mr. J. P. T. Burchell. He told a Daily Chronicle representative that Mr. Reginald Smith, a Deputy-Keeper of the British Museum, had agreed that his finds were evidence of human life in the Lower Palaeolithic (Early Moustarian) period — from 100,000 to 150,000 years ago.

Mr. Burchell describes how, in a rock shelter at Rosses Point, the roof of which was covered with an Early Neolithic raised beach consisting of powdered shells, he found more than 100 unrolled flakes and flake implements made of limestone, some of them weighing as much as 16 pounds.

They were found in Boulder clay, a glacier deposit almost contemporary with the Lower Palaeolithic age, and he classifies them as follows:—

Lavallois-like flakes the earliest kind of hand axe known.)

Side and flan-shaped raclotrs (scraping instruments)

Choppers, square-ended scrapers Ovate hand-axes, Pointed hand-axes.

At other places on the coast and on Coney Island, a mile from Rosses Point, Mr. Burchall found similar examples of Lower Palaeolithic workmanship.

"The rock shelter in which he made the first discovery was probably used as a factory for the manufacture of the instruments, and the workers themselves may have lived in a cave I found about 100 feet from the shelter," said Mr. Burchell.

"The raclotrs, or scrapers, may have been used by the natives for cutting up drift-wood, and for skinning such animals as reindeer."

TERRIERS ON TOP.

Craze for Alsatians In Old Country Only Lasted a Short Time.

After the short craze for Alsatians, which have now proved themselves definitely uncertain of temper, dogs of the terrier class have once more established themselves as prime favorites.

Fox-terriers, both rough and smooth, far outnumber any other breed of dog in all parts of the country, while Skyrnans, Aberdeens, Sealyhams, and Welsh and Irish terriers are among the next biggest sections to be seen at any dog show, says a writer in Answers.

The latest immense popularity of Sealyham terriers has created an amazing situation in Haverfordwest, where they are chiefly bred. There are nearly twice as many dogs as human inhabitants, the former outnumbering the latter by over four thousand! The whole town is almost entirely given over to dog breeding, and is famous among dog-fanciers throughout the world for the quality of the stock it produces.

Though quite a good terrier of this kind can be bought for as little as three guineas, prices ranging from £200 to £500 are not uncommon, and for one dog an American recently paid £750. The late King of Rumania also ordered two puppies from Haverfordwest last year as a gift for Queen Marie.

Cocker spaniels, though they have suffered a period of disfavor, are now being bought in increasing numbers, a well-known dog-breeder informed the writer recently. Even in the Middle Ages they were noted for their friendliness, and both Chaucer and Shakespeare wrote of their good qualities.

Cockers are essentially one-man dogs, and for those who live in small houses or flats no better pet could be imagined. With their other good points, they combine absolute obedience and a comic sort of sedateness.

Camera to Trap Thieves.

A new terror to thieves consists of an invisible wire connected with a camera, which operates in daylight or darkness, so that a thief, merely by his presence in a room, sets it in operation. A lighting device which is fixed at one side of the room and a small electric light at the other. The shutter of the camera works immediately a person or object passes between the two. Any attempt to tamper with the electric light will also set the camera in action. Only hundred-candle power lights are used, but after samples of the blood were taken. The extent to which the dye had been diluted showed the amount of blood possessed.

Lakes In Ontario.

Ontario has 41,173 square miles of lakes.

Movement Is Westward.

French-Canadian factory workers in the New England states have begun a return migration to Canada which has grown to such proportions that the Government agent at Woonsocket, R.I., is making a trip to Western Canada to gain first-hand information about business conditions and opportunities available there. He states that at the present time there are about 1,500,000 French-Canadians in the New England states and that while many are returning to their old parishes in Quebec there is announced movement to Western Canada.

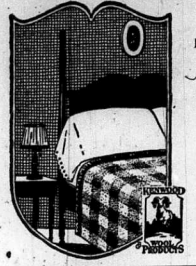
DAYS of OPPORTUNITY

Choose Your Gifts from the Christmas Stocks at C.D.S.L.

THE C.D.S.L. GIFT BOX

Containing Appropriate Suggestions to Perplexed Christmas Shoppers

LOVELY KENWOOD BLANKETS WILL PLEASE HER



Because they represent the best thoughts in beautiful and dependable bed coverings.

Made from the purest of imported wools, they possess a pleasing warmth that is most desirable. Because "Kenwood's" come in handsome colorings both plain and two-toned, hence many charming color effects are obtainable in your bedrooms.

In two sizes :

72 x 86 at 9.75 each and
60 x 84 at $8.50 each.

THESE DAINTY PIECES OF RAYON LINGERIE WILL SURELY PLEASE HER

We remember last year one woman said "Merry Xmas" to her lady friends with nothing but rayon lingerie. The idea was surely practical and nothing could be more pleasing. Our Xmas assemblages offer you most of our best Canadian makes in the season's most pronounced colorings. Note these values :

Rayon Vests priced at 98c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 each.
Rayon Bloomers priced at $1.00, $1.29, $1.50, $2.00, $2.25 each.
Rayon Gowns priced at $1.95, $3.00, $3.50, $3.75 each.
Rayon Slips priced at $3.25, $3.50, $3.75, $4.25 each.
Rayon Combinations priced at $4.75, $5.00 each.
Rayon Pyjamas priced at $4.75 per set.

HANDKERCHIEFS THAT FLUTTER "MERRY XMAS"

Somehow, women and handkerchiefs are closely associated Indeed handkerchiefs are perhaps the universal Xmas gift that some one gives somebody. This week our unusually attractive Xmas assortments have been re-inforced from shipments direct to us from Ireland and Switzerland.

These dainty creations are in white, in solid colors, in glorious color combinations.

Priced from 10c. to $1.25 each.

Never Too Many Hose--Let These Lines Carry Your Xmas Message

SILK

In service weights, with pure thread silk to the hem. Qualities are exceptionally clear and clean. The Xmas range features an extensive range of colors in all sizes. Black, White, Atmosphere, Platinum, Sonata, Tilie and many others.

Priced **$1.50, $1.95, $2.50 pair.**

SILK AND WOOL

Most popular because they combine warmth with smart appearance. These are as equally well proportioned, fit well and give lasting satisfaction. Shades of French Nude, Peach, Muffin, Moonlight and Black. Also in two toned color combinations.

Priced **$1.00 and $1.50 pair.**

ALL WOOL

In soft, appealing cashmere weaves, in weights that give pleasing warmth and lasting service. Come in seamless style, with re-inforced heels. Colors of Black, Almond, Desert and Zinc.

Priced from **79c. to $1.50 pair.**

Dresses that represent New Peaks in Fashion and "New Lows" in Values

DINNER AND DANCE GOWNS

Clever new creations that stress the pronounced vogue of the approaching winter season. Dresses developed in Georgette, Laces, Velvets and in combinations. Each dress represents an exclusive silhouette. Obtainable in Black and in the most prominent colors. Priced from **$18.95 to $67.50.**

FOR AFTERNOON OCCASIONS

Come smart frocks trimmed in modish new ways. Especially do we emphasize the importance of satins, cleverly combining the right and wrong sides to create pleasing effects. Priced from **$13.50 to $46.50.**

FOR SPORTIVE EVENTS

Fashion employs Jersey, either in all wool or silk and wool combinations. Both one and two piece styles are featured. Fine pleats in box or side effects ornament the skirts. Priced from **$5.95 to $22.50.**

FOR SOLID COMFORT

In winter weather choose dresses made from all wool materials, as Wool Crepe, Poiret Twill, Charmeen nad Tricotine. Many delightful styles await you. Priced from **$5.95 to $46.50.**

Canadian Department Stores Limited

THE C.D.S.L. GIFT BOX

Containing Practical Suggestions to Perplexed Xmas Shoppers

MEN LIKE TO RECEIVE SHIRTS AT CHRISTMAS THESE STEWART BRAND BROADCLOTHS WILL PLEASE

Will please him because they are practical. Made from fine, well finished broadcloths in sizes and sleeve lengths that are correctly proportioned.

Will please him because the colorings are subdued, but attractive.

This Xmas range cannot be surpassed in value.

In all sizes at **$1.95 each.**

MEN'S WINTER BATH ROBES, EXCELLENT QUALITY AT $6.25 EACH

Even if he wouldn't buy one himself he surely would appreciate one at Xmas. These coats are smartly fashioned with long roll collars and trimmed with pockets and silk cord girdles. In shades of Sky, Grey and Brown.

MEN'S NECKWEAR IN INDIVIDUAL BOXES PRICED 50 AND 75C. EA.

We know men are fussy about their ties. We don't blame them, that's why we suggest this Xmas range of ours. They were chosen by our Men's wear buyer, with an eye open to men's likes and dislikes. They come in beautifully patterned and richly colored silks of every description. He'll like these, we are sure.

BOYS' LONGIE SUITS MAKE SPLENDID XMAS GIFTS

SIZES 24 TO 28

They come in the regulation three-piece suits, coat, vest and long trousers. Styled and finished and for all the world they look just like Dad's. No wonder they're so popular with the little men. Choose them in Fox Serge or Tweed.

Priced **$7.50;** (larger sizes) **$9.00 to $10.75.**

COLORED FUGI SILK ON SALE 57 CENTS YARD

Xmas shoppers should find this new low price very advantageous. This Fugi is the same quality that we have been selling all season. Obtainable in a full range of desirable and attractive colorings.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have, for this column).

Mr. W. T. Waler is home from Ottawa for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Knight, of Napanee, spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Winters, Selby.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kellar and family are leaving this week for Toronto, where they will reside.

Mrs W. J. Jewell is the guest of her mother, Mrs MacGillivray, Picton.

Mr. C. B. Huffman, Bath, left on Monday to spend the winter with his daughter at Sudbury, Ont.

Miss Jennie McCormack, Selby, left last week to visit friends and relatives at San Jose, Cal.

Mr. T. M. Parkin, Gananoque, is the guest of his nephew, Dr. W. A. Ashley.

Mr. Geo. Toner, Detroit, Mich., is spending a few weeks with his parents at Strathcona.

Miss Helen VanLuven, who has been the guest of Mrs. R. R. Willis, 110 Oakwood Avenue, Toronto, for the past month, is home again.

Dr. E. Ming accompanied the deputation from Bath to Ottawa on Monday to urge the claims of Bath as a grain terminal before the Cabinet.

In addition to the regular colors awarded to players on the Intercollegiate football teams, the University of Toronto has awarded Mr. Geo. Daly his first "T."

MARRIAGES

Baker—Babcock—At the United Church parsonage, on Thursday, Dec. 1st, 1927, by Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, Elleene Babcock to Harry Baker, both of Camden East.

DEATHS

Asselstine—At Kingston General Hospital, on Tuesday, Dec. 6th, 1927, Mrs. Sidney Asselstine, aged 43 years, 4 months.

Bennett—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. Dennis Daly, 441 Walmer Road, Toronto, on Monday, Dec. 5th, 1927, Mary M. Bennett, widow of the late W. L. Bennett, of Napanee, aged 98 years. Private funeral service at Toronto, on Tuesday afternoon, interment at Napanee.

Barnes—At Napanee, on Sunday, December 4th, 1927, Berniece Louise Barnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barnes, aged 17 years, 5 months, 5 days.

Kent—At Kingston General Hospital, on Sunday, Dec. 4th, 1927, Alfred Kent, of Napanee.

McGrath—At Richmond, on Sunday, Dec. 4th, 1927, James Burnard McGrath, aged 28 years, 5 months.

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

Four youths from the vicinity of Dockrill were before Magistrate Rankin on Monday on a charge of pilfering the mail scattered over the tracks in the recent wreck at that point. They were let off on suspended sentence. These convictions were in addiion to the three young men convicted last week.

The Adolphustown Women's Institute will meet on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, at the home of Mrs. George Smith at 4.30 p.m. A paper "Keeping the Christmas spirit alive throughout the year" wil be given. Roll Call—Don'ts for the Kitchen, also a lunch contest will be given.

Mrs. Henrietta Sills, widow of the late Egerton Sills, passed away at her home at Conway on Saturday, Nov. 26th, after a lengthy illness. Surviving are two brothers, Messrs. H. G. and H. A. Claringbold, of Buffalo, N. Y., and four sisters Mrs. A. P. Young, Sandubrst; Mrs. Jos. Mills and Mrs. W. E. Conway, Peterboro, and Mrs Ira White, Saskatchewan.

Canada Reserves Right.

Canada has served notice, says the Financial Post, on the world that it reserves the right to do as it likes in prohibiting the export of raw materials.

At Geneva, a conference was held to try to bring to an end import and export prohibitions and restrictions throughout the world. At the conference Dr. W. A. Riddell, Canada, said no country had been so prodigal in the export of its raw materials as Canada, nor had opened its doors wider to exports from other countries. The Canadian tariff had been reduced four times in the past six years. One result had been a growth in trade unsurpassed in any other country. Another result had been the growth of a feeling that, if the present rate of export continued, there was danger of the depletion of the country's natural resources. In practice Canada had followed the policy of the open door, but in theory was being driven to the policy of reservations.

Dr. Riddell warned the conference to avoid extremes. He was wise. Canada is not ready to give up its right to protect its future by restricting, where wise, the export of precious raw materials.

In loving memory of my dear husband, Raymond E. Husband, who passed away December 11th, 1926.

When Raymond breathed his last farewell,
The blow meant more than words can tell,
You don't know the sorrow to be left alone,
Until God sends a message to your home ;
He suffered hours, yes months of pain,
To wait for a cure, but all in vain
Until God alone knew what was best,
He called him home, to give him rest.
Gone, never to be forgotten,
Bereaved wife, Jean.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

To establish a resident doctor at Tobermory, Ontario is a pledge taken by the Women's Institutes as part of their programme for the reduction of maternal mortality and for giving better health to fellow citizens. The question is sometimes asked "Why Tobermory more than some of the lonely districts of Northern Ontario ?" As "Lucinda" spent a summer day in that delightful, but inaccessable spot a few years ago when on a holiday with a Toronto woman journalist in the Bruce peninsula, we will try to see why the people at Tobermory need a doctor, although they may not provide a practice that would support him. If you take a map of Ontario and find Georgian Bay you will see the long point of land that lies on the west side, dividing the water from Lake Huron and making the huge bay, is called the Bruce peninsula. The railhead is Wiarton Here we took a motor to Lion's Head, twenty miles north along the narrow strip of land six miles wide in some places and not so wide in others. While at Lion's Head we were told to go to Tobermory and see the light house. It was forty miles farther by the road, which (after we had started) we were told it was called "The road of the forty hills." Beautiful scenery and rocks and more rocks. A motor car with a broken axle lying beside the road was not a cheering sight, but at last we turned a corner, where a little memorial stone told us that the men of Tobermory had died in France for the Empire. Comfortable little homes were here and everyone was drying or making nets for the fishermen who were starting early in the afternoon for the distant fishing grounds. A strange, natural basin, called "The Big Tub" is so deep that the big steamers of Lake Huron take refuge there from the storm and just tie up to the rock. From Tobermory on a clear day you can see family the shores of Manitoulin Island. The people are fishermen and women doing good work. Their merchandise is brought by boat, that comes twice a week in good weather and not at all in the winter, from Owen Sound. The road is impassable in winter and as the peninsula is so rocky that it will never make a good farming country, it seems unlikely that the population will grow large enough to justify a rail connection with the outer world. A medical man on the spot with, if possible, a practical nurse, would save many valuable lives and much suffering.

The sound of Santa Claus' bells can almost be heard and the shops are full of alluring gifts for the family. Mother has so much to do to see that the home is ready fr homecomers and that the cakes and puddings, the mincemeat and the cookies that made that she will have little time to wonder what she will get from Santa Claus' pack. But her present should be the best of all and as mothers have an unselfish way of forgetting to buy things for themselves, there should be no difficulty in finding her a present of which she can say, "This is just what I wanted." The old days when we divided our gifts into "something useful" and "something pretty" are gone. Now we can find dozens of useful articles that are delightfully pretty. If she is a woman who likes things for her house, see the glass, silver and china you can get her. Perhaps she has been wishing for something for the Christmas dinner table, some new silver, a bowl or basket for the centre. But mother is more likely to buy that than a pretty, warm dressing gown, or a new dress or fur. There are mothers who have to make a dollar go pretty far and something less expensive may be more in accord with her children's income. But let the gift be dainty and tie it up with as much care as if it were going to a stranger. Half the charm of the Christmas gift is in the pretty ribbon and the gay tags.

Four noted women have recently been appointed to posts of honor in the Ontario Red Cross Division. The new president is Mrs. H. P. Plumptre, Toronto, the wife of Canon Plumptre, the rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, who is one of the most distinguished women in Canadian public life and also a devoted mother ; Miss McEwen, the new directress of the Toronto Junior Red Cross and a graduate of the school of nursing of Toronto University is a graduate of the New York Post Graduate Hospital and went overseas in 1916 with Queen's General Hospital. Dr Loretto O'Connor is now directress of the Junior Red Cross of Ontario and Miss Mary MacNaughton, R.N. has been appointed to the Field Nursing Department of the Ontario Division.

A mother, who regrets the temptations now on every hand by the young people of today, says very wisely that a healthy body makes for a healthy mind and that a touch of sympathy and an understanding talk is better by far than severe, even if just, criticism. "My girls are fond of the out-of-doors. I was always ready to hear their troubles, but I didn't agree with them when they said that girls who did foolish, reckless things, had a better time than they had. It isn't really necessary for a mother to go to a party or a movie every night. However, the eldest girl is married and I am afraid I will loose the next one soon," she said "but they have got two fine men and I am sure they will be happy."

Have you made your plum pudding yet ? If not try this recipe. It is rich, but then you can give smaller portions. ½ cup raisins, ½ each of orange and citron peel, ¾ of a pound of currants, ½ pound of stale bread crumbs, 4 eggs, 1/3 of a grated nutmeg, 1/8 of a teaspoonful, each of cloves and cinnamon, a pinch of salt, ¾ cup of brown sugar, 2 tablespoons of cider or strong coffee. Mix the chopped fruit and peel, flour. Add the well beaten youlks of eggs and ½ pound of suet. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Turn into well buttered shapes and steam for three hours. With this use snowdrift sauce, made of ¾ cup of butter, creamed until light, Add gradually one cup of powdered sugar. Add 1 teaspoonful of orange juice. Pile lightly in a glass comport and sprinkle with nutmeg.

"The Curfew Tolls."

Scattered about Great Britain are a few places where still "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day." St. Nicholas, Bristol, maintains the custom. Shaftsberry in Dorsetshire is another instance, and so is Midhurst in Sussex, where it is heard every evening at eight o'clock.

Tradition has it that about 1760 a merchant on his way to London lost himself in the great woods to the north of his town and found his way to houses by hearing the bells of Midhurst church. In gratitude he left a little garden, still called Curfew Garden, the rent of which pays for the daily ringing of the curfew bell.

Rich In Prehistoric Remains.

Scotland is richer in prehistoric remains than practically any other country, with the exception of Ireland, said Prof. Vere Gordon Childe, the first occupant of the newly-erected Chair of Prehistoric Archaeology in Edinburgh University, in an interview.

Airdrome and Seaplane Station.

Plans for the establishment of a combined airdrome and seaplane station at the old Rockcliffe ranges, Ottawa, are being rapidly advanced.

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"My feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipped," Ps. 73-2 : "When I said, 'My foot slippeth,' Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." Ps. 94-18 ; "The Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat ; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Luke 22 : 31, 32 ; "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down ; for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand," Ps. 37-24 ; "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," I. John 2-1 ; "Wherefore He is also able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them," Heb. 7-25.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.

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